

THE CUBAN INSURRECTO

THE CUBAN INSURRECTO, A COLLECTION OF POEMS, STORIES, ESSAYS, AND ADDRESSES, BY JOSÉ MARTÍ, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JAMES HEALING, AND A FOREWORD BY JAMES HEALING. NEW YORK: THE CUBAN INSURRECTO PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1974. 100 PAGES. \$10.00. ISBN 0-88000-000-0.

Poems, Stories, Essays, Addresses

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THE CUBAN INSURRECTO

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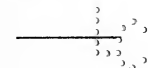
THE GREAT WAR OF 1914—ITS CAUSES

BY

W. WALKER HANNA, A.M., Esq.

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law of New York and Philadelphia

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"Per ardua ad alta."

DEDICATED

To the upright, pious parents, who made me what I am

JAMES HANNA, Esq., and MARY A. (WALKER) HANNA
of Philadelphia, Pa.

Also: To my kin and kindred nearest,
My faithful friends and dearest.

Particularly including Hon. John Weaver, of
Philadelphia, and J. L. O'Neill, Esq., Vice-Pres.
of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York



PREFACE

New York, U. S. A.,
June 1, 1921.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The author does not expect, in a monetary sense, to realize from the sale of this, very limited, first edition, any considerable profit. He does not believe, either, that this book, of his, will rival that of a Shakespeare, although it may possess, here and there, true literary merit.

He does hope, however, that it may serve to interest, instruct, amuse and entertain the average reader. And, that, by so doing, it will earn for him, as a sufficient recompense, the grateful appreciation of the discerning friend, as well as of the general public.

"Of the making of many books," as Solomon once said, "there is no end." You are, hereby confronted with another, to sample. May it add some new enjoyment to the passing hour.

With my best wishes, it is offered.

W. WALKER HANNA, A.M., Esq.
455 W. 22d St.



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"THE CUBAN INSURRECTO"—DRAMATIS
PERSONÆ

Señor Otaro.....A Cuban Inn-keeper
Señorita Inez.....His Daughter
Señors Severo and Sancho, two Cubans (brothers),
The first in love with Inez
General Weyler.....Captain-General of Cuba
A Spanish Colonel or Commandant
A Spanish Captain, afterwards Sergeant
A Spanish Sergeant, afterwards Captain
A Spanish Officer
A Cuban Spy.....The demoted Captain
General Garcia.....In command of the Insurgents
Consul-General Lee. Representing the United States
A Daughter of the same
A Niece of the same
A Servant of General Lee's
A Spanish Hospital Nurse
Spanish Soldiers
Cuban Soldiers, etc.

N. B.—It is to be understood that where I have mentioned in this Play characters or persons, living or dead, they are depicted according to what may have been the popular conception of the same, years ago; or, at the time this drama was written. This conception may have been at the time erroneous, as is often the case.

Yours truly,
W. WALKER HANNA.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTO

(A military drama, in blank verse)

By W. WALKER HANNA, M.A.

(Rights reserved)

ACT I

SCENE I

Place, a suburb of Havana. Interior of Cuban Inn exhibited. Two brothers, Severo and Sancho, natives, are seated at a table drinking and playing cards. The Keeper of the Inn, Señor Ontaro (another Cuban), looking on. His daughter, Inez by name, doing the housework and waiting on the table.

SEÑOR SEVERO (throwing down the last card). Brother, the game is yours. Now, you shall learn a secret. Come, drink our healths. Inez and I long have resolved on marriage, and Señor Otaro to-day gives his consent.

SEÑOR SANCHO. Brother, well done. It gives me pleasure. (Holding aloft the glass, while the girl embraces her father.) To Inez and Severo. (Drinks.)

SEÑOR SEVERO. Our joy complete; didst know, the bloody butcher, Weyler, but yesterday destroyed the leader Maceo by treachery?

SEÑOR SANCHO. I knew it not. But, hist; brother, you speak too loudly. Did I not hear a footstep?

SEÑOR OTARO (aside). Ah, General Weyler. He it is.

[Enter GENERAL WEYLER in full uniform. He scowls fiercely at the brothers, nods distantly towards the host, who bows low in return, and then turning to the girl exclaims harshly.]

Go, get me something, and be quick about it. I have a little matter to settle in these parts. (Noticing the brothers arising to depart) Cabeleros, your game continue.

SANCHO (bowing humbly). Not so, Your Highness; having finished it, we go to the Public Gardens for a smoke.

WEYLER. Well, depart. I seek not here the presence of bandits or of rebels. (As the door closes he mutters angrily.) This hour I have you suspect. At last, he's in my power. The bloody butcher, he, but just now, called me. Heard you the man, landlord?

OTARA. I did, Your Highness.

WEYLER. What then does he deserve?

OTARA (obsequiously). Death, death, at your hands, Most Noble Highness.

WEYLER. And that, he shall have, and at once, although I lose my meal by it (arises from the table).

INEZ (throwing herself at his feet). Oh, spare him, General, it was but foolish talk.

WEYLER (sarcastically). A lover, forsooth, this villain. Girl, look up! Have me instead. Marry me! Aye, marry me—he lives.

INEZ. No! Heaven forbid! Rather, kill him and slay me, too.

WEYLER. I will have it so. Await here my return. Señor Otara, unless you send me fuller information respecting the disaffected of this place, you lose your license and your life.

OTARO. Trust me, Your Highness.

[Exit WEYLER.]

Father and daughter embrace.

(Curtain.)

SCENE II

Place, a Public Garden or Park. Señors SEVERO and SANCHO in close conversation.

SEVERO. Dost think the tyrant heard me, but now, denounce him rashly?

SANCHO. Brother, I know it.

SEVERO. Then am I banished and my fondest hopes destroyed.

SANCHO. Dwell not upon the future. This present life is fleeting.

SEVERO. 'Tis so; what course seems best to follow? Why did he let us go? If bandits now or rebels.

SANCHO. My ready wit, for once, gave him a fitting answer.

SEVERO. Then he dissembles deeply, still, to hide some other purpose.

SANCHO. No doubt, with spies to trap us both, or rather, in some more public way, have his revenge.

SEVERO. Here comes a troop of Spanish, as though in search of someone. But I will not be taken, while I have this about me (shows a dagger). Inez, farewell. Brother, adieu. I to the woods must fly, but I'll return with Garcia or Gomez. Alas, that my unbridled tongue has wrought such grave disaster.

SANCHO. Here, lose not courage; take this, my new sombrero, and my cloak, I need not fear them, for I said not aught amiss (aside), yet, I may now, perchance, the prison suffer.

SEVERO. Thanks, yes. I'll take the things. Mine in exchange, you may have from Otaro, at whose house they now remain; such was my haste in leaving the cutthroat's presence. (They shake hands.) Once more adieu.

SANCHO. Adieu, Severo. (Exit SEVERO, hastily.)

SANCHO (pauses to examine a lily and remarks).
Thou are as fair, almost, as Inez, and without a
tongue, also, thou speakest.

[Enter a file of soldiers, who ground their
arms, as the Captain cries, "Halt," and
faces Sancho.]

CAPTAIN. Are you Severo? Are you that in-
surrecto? Come, can you not answer, quickly? Or
must I now essay to cure the dumb and speechless.

SANCHO. No, I am not Severo.

CAPTAIN. At last, at last, an echo—you're not,
then who the mischief are you?

SANCHO. I am Severo's brother. An honest man
and true one.

CAPTAIN. And he and you have lately been to-
gether.

SANCHO. It may be so, I trow. Go, seek and ask
him. Why all this inquisition?

CAPTAIN. With wits we dally not, nor yet with
villains (looks at a paper). My orders read,
"Take both the brothers Severo and Sancho"
(points). Here then is one. I must soon have the
other. Soldiers, do your duty! Arrest the man!
(They arrest SANCHO.)

SANCHO. I must protest against it.

CAPTAIN. Well, to what profit? Let us step for-
ward, quickly. Attention! Carry! March! To
the Inn of Don Otaró.

(Curtain.)

SCENE III.

Place, Inn of SEÑOR OTARO. GENERAL WEYLER seated with some other Officers. SEÑOR OTARO and INEZ in the background. Enter the soldiers with SANCHEO a prisoner.

CAPTAIN (saluting). Your Highness, I have done my duty.

WEYLER (sternly). I see but one. Where is the other?

CAPTAIN (humbly). I could not find Severo. He from the place was missing.

WEYLER (frowning). Your case, I'll take up later. (To SANCHEO) Your game is done, you traitor, you skulking, scheming traitor.

SANCHEO. I! traitor! traitor! What have I done amiss? What have I said unwisely?

WEYLER. Much, that need not be told.

SANCHEO. I ask it; seeking only justice, such kind, 'tis said, you boast of.

WEYLER. Which you shall have, this present moment. (To officers) To you, who do compose this, brief court-martial, I now denounce this Sancho for sedition. His brother, to his face called me a bloody butcher. I would, I may forthwith, deserve the title. Severo has escaped. No doubt, this villain aided. My officers, what say you?

OFFICERS. He shall be shot to-morrow morn, at sunrise.

INEZ. Oh! Horrible this is. Must I be ever silent?

OTARO. General, one word; forsooth, Sancho, would have kept his brother quiet.

WEYLER. I will teach the villain, and through his brother's fall, so shall he taste my vengeance.

INEZ. Could I wed such a monster, much better to be single.

WEYLER (in anger). Your turn will come, you ninny, when captured is Severo. Yea, both shall die together. (Inez weeps.) (To Captain) Give up, at once, your sword to yonder sergeant, and may he fill your place far better. I will not have neglect in office. Beware, how next you do provoke me, or last, you will not long, as sergeant either. (To soldiers) Convey the prisoner and yon fair viper, Inez, to El Moro. (They arrest Inez.) (To former Sergeant, now Captain) Come stand not gaping. Get you upon your way. (The soldiers, roughly, seize Inez, who shrieks aloud, and depart with their prisoners, who show mutual sympathy and, as they are led away, exclaim, "Down with the Tyrant.")

(OTARO falls on his knees before Weyler.)

(Curtain.)

ACT II

SCENE I

Place, the woods about Havana. A band of Cuban Insurrectos in camp. SEVERO and GENERAL GARCIA among the number. A Spy enters with tidings, who is led before Garcia.

GARCIA. How, now?

SPY. Cuba Libre.

GARCIA. 'Tis well. Any news?

SPY. Weyler has imprisoned Inez, daughter of Otaro, and will to-morrow on the seashore near El Moro execute Severo's brother, Sancho.

SEVERO (angrily). The dastard! Kills him, through hatred of me.

GARCIA. Peace. I will attempt his rescue.

ALL. Dare you attack El Moro. How could you be successful?

GARCIA. I did not say so.

SEVERO. How else can it be done? Is there a secret entrance?

GARCIA. I have a method. Ye all do know Señor Otaro to be somewhat in league with Cuba's foes, although to-day he mourns his daughter. Go to him now, yourself, Severo, with some few troopers. General Weyler and his suite within his inn abide.

In his own room, without a noise or struggle, take Weyler prisoner; by threats compel a pardon under seal for Inez, the girl, and Señor Sancho. This same missive must, Otaro, before the morning sunrise, bear the commandant of El Moro, under threat of Garcia's vengeance should he refuse to venture.

SEVERO. The plan will answer. I go at once, with joy, to do your bidding. (To some troopers) "Follow me." (They follow.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE II

Place, WEYLER's bedroom. Inn of SEÑOR OTARO. GENERAL WEYLER asleep upon a cot. Enter SEVERO, stealthily, a dagger in his hand. Perceiving WEYLER, he mutters.

SEVERO. A brother's life. Another dear one's peril; demand of me this hazard. 'Tis well, I was but now, mistaken for Otaro. How well the vampire slumbers, and yet must I awake him. But first—the pen, the paper, and the seal. (Finding these upon a side table, he draws the same towards the bed, arranges the articles, turns on a light, and then lays hands upon Weyler, exclaiming, as he shakes him vigorously), "Wake up, you wretch, who would be my assassin."

(WEYLER, rubbing his eyes in alarm, sits up astonished.)

SEVERO. Ha! Dost know me. Dost not cower.

WEYLER. What wouldst thou? Where is my escort?

SEVERO. See this dagger. Should you make outcry, 'tis buried in your body.

WEYLER. Your turn has come, I gather. Attack me not, I will be silent.

SEVERO (pointing to some paper). Sign upon this sheet, a pardon full and free, for Otaro's daughter, Inez, and for my brother Sancho, both, by you, imprisoned in El Moro. (WEYLER arises, frowning. SEVERO rushes at him with the dagger aloft.) Sit down. I get not what I ask, you perish.

(WEYLER, on the cot, draws the paper towards him and signs it muttering.) The devil——

SEVERO. Now seal it. (WEYLER seals it.)

SEVERO. I'll tie your hands, place them behind you and together. (WEYLER complies). I'll gag you, too. But, first the password for to-night.

WEYLER. 'Tis Isabella.

(SEVERO ties a bandage over the mouth of WEYLER.)

SEVERO. Now to your couch, with head away from me. Remain in quiet. (WEYLER complies.)

SEVERO (taking the letter from the table, saying, "All is finished" (after looking for a moment at WEYLER, and turning off the light) escapes from the room, treading softly.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE III.

Place, seashore near El Moro Castle. A detachment of troops headed by the Commandant thereof, with SANCHE a prisoner, marches into view and halts. The prisoner, SANCHE, his arms bound together, is blindfolded and made to kneel, facing the crowd (a few civilians having followed), his back to a wall.

COMMANDANT (somewhat apart, and reading a paper aloud). Witness, all. We have here one, Sancho, who for sedition is condemned to be publicly shot, this very day at sunrise. By order of a military court, signed, WEYLER. Captain, are all your men with loaded arms drawn up?

CAPTAIN (saluting). They are, Sir.

COMMANDANT. Then when I drop my handkerchief, pray give the word to fire. (The Captain cries, Ready! Present! Take aim! etc.)

SEÑOR OTARO just then rushes in, with a letter addressed to the Commandant, who reads it, and then in some confusion exclaims:

COMMANDANT. A reprieve. No. What is this? a pardon. Unbind the prisoner. Set him free. This is unusual, but Weyler's orders, under seal, I dare not disobey. Señor Sancho! Take my advice and quit the country. (To Captain), Captain, I have no further orders; I myself will liberate this Cuban damsel, Inez.

CAPTAIN (as he departs). Company, Present!—Attention! Port arms! March! (All retire, except Señor Sancho.)

SANCHO. I am indeed free. What can it mean? It must be some mistake. A miracle like this requires explaining.

[INEZ OTARO, with her father now enters. She, in some surprise, perceiving SEÑOR SANCHO, exclaims, as she advances towards him.]

INEZ. What! Alive still, SANCHO.

SANCHO (delighted). Yes, Inez. But, why, I know not. So you also are free. Good morning, Señor Otaro. (To Otaro) Your servant ever.

INEZ. Free I am, but trust not Weyler. Something is wrong in this. My father, I can see you know it. Your face looks somewhat troubled.

SANCHO. I trust not Weyler. Come—your father and yourself—go with me, Inez. I know a plan that promises success. So may we yet escape the bloody tyrant.

INEZ. Name the plan. What is it?

OTARO. Yes! What is it?

SANCHO. Let us at once upon a ship American forthwith embark. We'll seek a home once more in the United States.

INEZ (in ecstasy). Agreed. Let us make haste. My father, after this, can you, remain in Cuba?

OTARO. I think not. No! My life is now in danger, also. (Exit omnes.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE IV.

Place, house of GENERAL LEE, Havana. Interior of business office shown. A daughter and niece present. GENERAL WEYLER is announced by a butler or servant, who then retires.

GENERAL WEYLER, entering bows courteously, in a sweeping manner, to the two ladies, who bow in return.

WEYLER. And so the cruel ogre finds the damsels awaiting papa's return.

DAUGHTER. My father, you mean, no doubt.

NIECE. Or mine, perhaps. He's in America.

WEYLER. Well, so am I. (Both ladies lift their hands in protest, exclaiming, Who would have thought it.)

WEYLER. Ah! No offence. Where is the Consul-General Lee, whom I supposed was father to you both?

DAUGHTER. If it is business, he will see you presently. He's dining.

WEYLER. Business it is, and that most pressing.

DAUGHTER. Will you be seated.

WEYLER. Of course, since so, it must be. (Seats himself and uses a fan quite vigorously.)

CONSUL-GENERAL LEE (entering greets WEYLER with a frown, brusquely). Good morning. What can I do for you, General?

WEYLER. Much, very much, indeed.

GENERAL LEE. Name it then, right off. I'm in a hurry.

WEYLER. Well, General, two prisoners of mine have to-day escaped to yonder vessel, which in Havana harbor floats the "Stars and Stripes." I want them.

GENERAL LEE. What are their names?

WEYLER. Señorita Inez, daughter of one Otaro, and Señor Sancho.

DAUGHTER. General, one moment. Father, I have just returned from this same vessel and while upon it, I there learned from them their most sad history. Their crimes, if any, are political.

WEYLER. Pshaw! All fol-de-rol, I take it. What can girls know of this? Their tales are foolish.

GENERAL LEE. They are upon my country's vessel, and there they shall remain. Our women are our teachers, oftentimes, General.

WEYLER. I'll sink that ship.

GENERAL LEE. Then will you sink yourself. The government I represent is even now, from Spain, on account of grave atrocities, demanding your recall.

WEYLER. This is impertinence. Good day, sir.

GENERAL LEE. A pleasant riddance, and a long farewell, for such ere soon it will be.

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

SCENE I

Place, the woods about Havana. GENERAL WEYLER, with some officers and soldiers, marching to the music of a drum, appear upon the scene and halt.

GENERAL WEYLER (to an officer). Colonel, as we are now quite near the enemy, I shall temporarily place the troops under your direct command. Finish these rebels and your fortune's made.

COLONEL (saluting). Where go you now, General?

WEYLER. To Havana. (A cannon-shot is heard. WEYLER in agitation exclaims), Are they as near as that. Then must I have an escort.

COLONEL. It is at hand, Sir.

WEYLER retires with one of the officers. A cavalry bugle sounds and he departs.

COLONEL. My comrades, when Weyler leaves, there is sharp business on hand. Though no Grandee of Spain, I am yet no coward. This time we meet the foe. Get the men under cover. (The men take different posts.)

(A fight takes place, and the Spaniards are compelled to leave the stage, being slowly forced back by the enemy. GARCIA and SEVERO appear at the other end of the stage.)

GARCIA suddenly exclaims, This is an ambushade (and turning shouts) Bugler, sound a retreat.

(The bugle sounds, GARCIA disappears, just as SEVERO falls, wounded. The Spanish Colonel and another officer rush in, and take him prisoner when he attempts to arise.)

SEVERO. I yield myself, Colonel, since further fight is useless.

COLONEL. You are indeed my prisoner. How I pity you. The rebel's fate is certain (taking the proffered sword). Why! It is Weyler's most hated foe, Severo.

SEVERO. Most woeful day, that leaves me thus, not only captive, but faint and helpless. Colonel, you are not a ruthless foe nor scornful; your heart is brave, your face most merciful, your words are sympathetic. I bleed amain and you must bear me hence.

COLONEL (to a bugler). Sound the recall. (To a group of soldiers) Bear this officer upon a stretcher to our camp. (They do it.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE II

Place, a hospital (military) in Havana. SEVERO upon a cot or couch. A soldier posted as sentry at the door. Nurse enters, ushering in the daughter and the niece of General Lee, who have letters and a basket of fruit for the prisoner.

SEVERO. Ladies, welcome.

NURSE. Keep quiet, you are not to talk.

DAUGHTER OF GENERAL LEE. Here are the good things we have brought. Your friends in the U. S. A. have written. Inez sends her love. She's with her father and your brother.

SEVERO. Would she may learn to love, my noble brother, Sancho. Pray, write her so, from me. My fate is sealed forever.

NIECE OF LEE. 'Tis so, indeed, great pity.

SEVERO. In hospital to-day. To-morrow I am well enough to die in public. But Weyler is recalled by Spain, and so I die content.

NURSE. He shall talk no more. Come, ladies, you must go. (Both allow him to kiss their hands and then retire softly.) NURSE (aside). Another traitor dies to-morrow. Why, then, this fuss for nothing.

SEVERO. Woman, you are sold to Cuba's foes. I hope you may not altogether escape her coming woes. (Raising himself upon his elbows, he stares straight in front of him, then points joyously, as he exclaims), I see the American flag floating over El Moro. So Spain's dominion totters. Soon Cuba will be free. (Then falls back and expires.)

NURSE (rushing forward). Alas, he's dead. Perhaps, should this come true, a hero.

(Curtain.)

FINIS

WHICH CHOSE THE BEST?

As published in the *Presbyterian Journal*, June 5th, 1890.

The rich man proudly made his boast,
 More gold shall yet my coffers fill;
 The grain, which now my storehouse bursts,
 Must be confined more closely still.
 My slaves shall build me greater barns,
 I'll tempt them, while I try their skill,
 And for my soul which restless is,
 Shall all things be, just as I will.

The poor man murmured at the gate:
 I'm sick, heart-broken, soon must die,
 The dogs have pity, give me bread!
 The crumbs! The crumbs! Don't pass me by.
 The rich man noticed, turned away
 With angry look and hardened heart;
 His servant threw the offal out,
 With hidden look and hasty start.

* * * * *

That night, a mob of desperate men
 With rage assailed the rich man's door,
 The fainting beggar crushed to death;
 Cared they for nothing human more,
 Two souls, beyond the grave are met,
 One by redeemed hosts made glad.
 The other in a fiery Lake,
 By anguish tortured, almost mad.

What need to say, which chose the best,
 Which won the diadem, the crown!
 The rich man's wealth was fickle, false,
 Into the abyss, cast him down.

Where now, the glory, once his own!
Where now, the heedless, haughty boast!
The one has fled, the other waits
The condemnation uttermost.

THE SABBATH

As published in the *Presbyterian Journal*, July 10th, 1890.

Sweet Sabbath, God's own holy day
Yet wisely made for man;
How oft descends the heavenly ray,
To cheer life's weary span.
How often, when by ill distressed,
Doth aid and succor come
Upon the day that God hath blessed—
One out of seven's sum.

Let us observe it then, with care
As doth the Lord command.
Of idleness, of sin beware,
Let labor none demand.
Take heed and study Nature's law,
The wondrous love divine.
Be taught of Him, who bids us pause,
To light the inner shrine.

TRUE SOURCE OF CONTENTMENT

Published in *The Daily News* of Philadelphia, January
9th, 1886. (Somewhat revised.)

'Tis not the wealth of millions,
That bringeth peace of mind,
The rich at times, with cares perplexed,
No happiness can find.

Some strive, on field of battle,
To win e'erlasting fame;
But, when at last the goal is reached,
'Tis found an empty name.

Even the king upon his throne,
While low his subjects kneel,
With cares of state, sore overwhelmed,
No joy of heart can feel.

Happy the man, whose lot is cast,
Where he may useful be,
Whose character is such that love
Doth blend with piety.

THE FEDERALIST'S REWARD

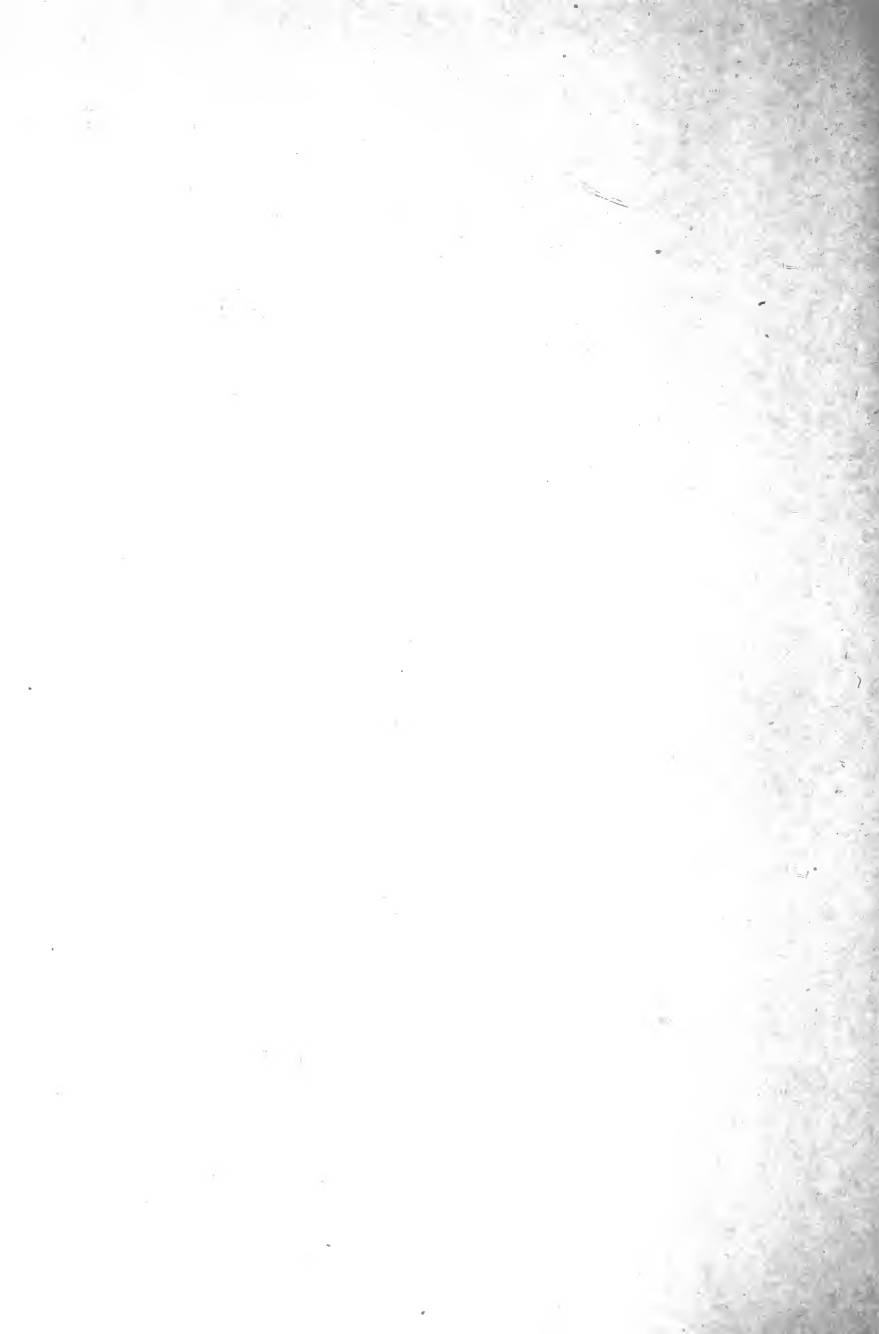
As published in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, July 16th, 1888.

You ask me why I feel so sad,
This pleasant summer day;
While waving bough and nodding flower
Rejoice so blithe and gay.

While all in Nature is so glad,
Why am I musing here.
I grieve to think Rebellion's stain,
Should once have cost so dear.

To think, what men of note and worth,
The brave, the good, the true,
We have been forced to sacrifice,
Without the credit due.





The foes that once confronted us,
Have now become our friends,
And hint that nothing must be said,
For they have made amends.

Our trophies of the triumphs won,
They'd gladly set at naught,
For each of these reminds them now
Upon which side they fought.

Should we obey presumptuous zeal,
To bring about accord?
No! Let not now oblivion be
The Federalist's reward.

PATHS THAT LEAD AWAY

As published in *Church Chimes* of Philadelphia.

Trudging along a country road one day,
Between rich fields that for the reaper waiting lay,
By many a clover patch and daisy gay,
I came upon a point, from which did other paths lead
far away.

Dwelling in fondness on the sweet past fled,
I lingered here awhile, ere on my way I sped,
By Mem'ry's minion being captive led, to scenes of long
ago;
Then said I, Life is like the road I tread.

We start, and all seems new, and bright, and gay;
Our friends in company, we haste along the way;
Chasing the shadows off that round us play,
We heed not care the while, why should we know that
paths do lead away.

Till suddenly, and then we part for aye,
 And one goes this fair road, and one goes that some day,
 When each, almost alone, pursues his course, still plod-
 ding on,
 From where those other paths led friends away.

But, though our journey now is oft times slow,
 Let's brighter make each path, as to the goal we go,
 Rejoicing, let us always good seed sow, that others after
 us may see
 What beauties we have left for them to know.

MOTHER MINE

To my mother, MARY A. HANNA, who passed peacefully
 away December 3d, 1895. (As published in the *Pres-
 byterian Journal*.)

Gone from contact with Earth's sorrows:
 Gone from suff'ring human ills:
 Pain and heartache, no To-morrow
 Brings to thee—so Heaven wills.

Though I cannot now recall thee,
 Soars thy Soul in safe retreat;
 May I hope that yon thy presence
 Watches by His mercy-seat.

Waits to welcome, when His purpose
 Is to call Earth's wanderer Home,
 And the Mediator's pleadings
 Finds me shelter, ne'er to roam.

May my thoughts e'er travel upward,
 Visions of true glory see:
 As I tread this vale of darkness
 Missing most thy sympathy.

May the God, whom we both worshipped,
Keep me safely in His care:
Till with thee, before Him serving,
Meet we joys beyond compare.

Mother mine, the worst is over,
Earth has parted from thy sight;
Rest thee in the Land of Beauty,
Rest thee in His Love—His Light.

MONOPOLY VS. TRUTH

Poems as published in "My Early Random Hits," 1898.

The time had come for battle, with a ruthless, scornful
foe,
That threatened to devour Her, if she abroad should go;
Would Truth's banner be uplifted? Yes! All hail the
glorious sight!
See! It dawns upon the vision! See! It waves among the
Right!

For a monster Corporation, with its franchises ill-gained,
Held at naught a great, free people, its own promises dis-
dained.
Would have taxed all Earth's creation to the extremest
bound,
So that its hated magnates might grow rich and sleek and
round.

And, one of these, a tyrant was, a bitter, faithless man;
No renegade, no rascal, more traitor in the van;
Whose only aim and purpose was to make his coffers
swell
Till oppressions of the people should his banishment
compel.

But Truth has donned her armor, her sword is bright and keen.

She will make the false foe quiver, though e'er so base and mean.

She will overthrow the mighty, she will cast the robbers out,

She will end the turmoil quickly, Hear the people vict'ry shout.

Let Monopoly no longer gain sway or prospect here,
Let the City own its railways, its water-works, its piers;
Let the City be a City, not a ramble, shamle town,
Owned by vicious speculators, unshamed by Virtue's frown.

THE DOOMED SHIP

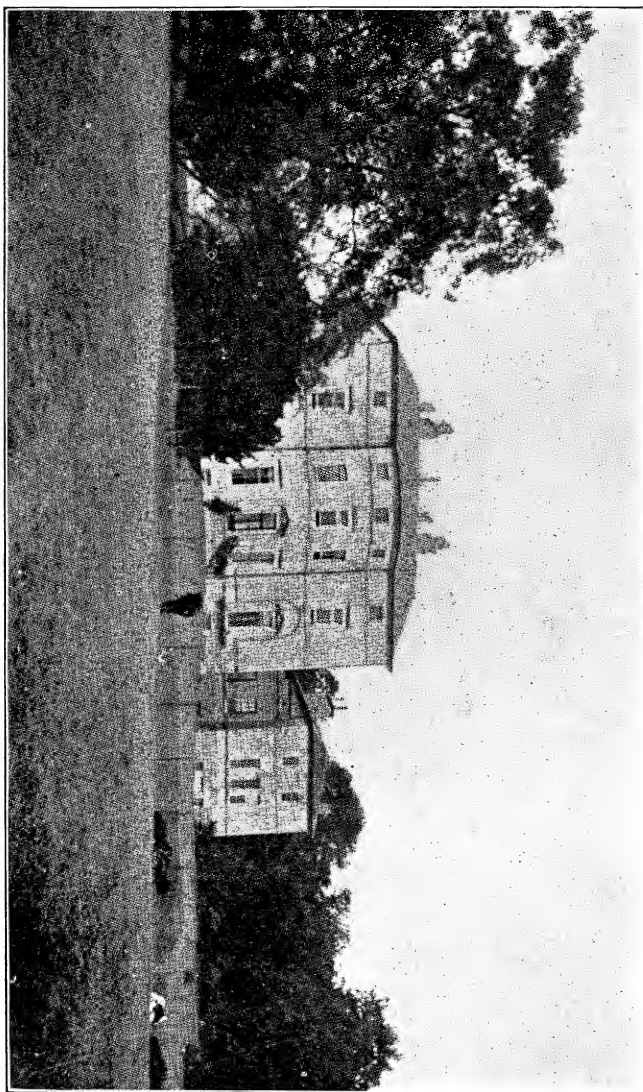
Still denser grows the murky gloom,
The moaning waves wash by,
As if in dread of hidden shoal,
The good ship oft doth shy.

The captain stands upon the bridge,
The trumpet in his hand,
And waits with weary, anxious look
To sight the hidden land.

So frequently the whistle blows,
With screams loud, clear and shrill,
That all who hear its warning cry
Feel fast their blood grow chill.

Hark, what is that, that o'er the deep
Doth signal with hoarse throat?
Another monster steaming in
Must pass their creeping boat.





Must soon decide midst vap'rous clouds,
Which way to steer and how;
But, hold! Avast there! What is this?
It is a vessel's prow.

Alas, alas, with cleaving stroke,
She deals a fearful blow;
With crashing sound goes crushing through
And cuts her clean in two.

The captain shouts, the crew are called,
The boats swing o'er the side;
But, ere her hapless people board,
She sinks beneath the tide.

To ye who wait on yonder shore,
Who fondly wait in vain,
What sorrow will the message bring,
"Collided on the Main."

The fog that now shuts out from view
All objects on the sea,
Will lift, but never lifts the veil
That cloaks eternity.

THE OLD OAK'S END

A noble oak in the forest stood
Firm, erect and strong;
For years it had reared its lofty head,
Above both flood and storm;
The safe, sure home of the feathered tribe
That there had gathered long,
And of creatures shy of timid look
That hid beneath its form.

But, with sharp, keen axe the woodsman came
One bright and sunny morn,
He only saw a massive trunk
That would the sea adorn;
So he hacked and hewed with might and main,
Nor heeded Nature's frown,
Till with a fearful deafening crash
The towering tree came down.

The beasts of the field fled far and wide,
Dismayed the sight to see;
The birds flew off with wild, weird cries
Of requiem melody.
Nor long was it before the spot
By weeds o'ergrown, by wormy rot,
Lay wasted and forgot.

THE OLD YEAR'S DEPARTURE

The Old Year on the threshold stood,
Looked up to the clouds and sighed,
While denser grew the gloom around,
Deep silence came and reigned profound,
With Night so weird and still.

The Old Year drew his cloak around,
It folded him from view;
Then off the treacherous threshold slipped,
As o'er the same the New Year tripped,
And took a tumble in.

A mocking laugh is heard without,
You are enthroned, it seemed to say;
Yet will you find Earth's pleasures stay
But for a year, soon, soon away,
So happy be to-day.

"LIGHTS OUT"

Beside the grave a hero stands
Of many a hard fought field,
While near the troops in hollow square
By blue sky stand revealed.
Artillery roars beneath the hill,
Awhile, and then is still;
Then infantry their volleys fire,
And silent pause until
Lights Out, a bugle calls,
Mellow, clear, but shrill.

Lights Out, across the open grave
The echoes faintly float;
Ah, yes, another hero sleeps,
Nor hears that ling'ring note;
The one that's left will ne'er again
With him draw ready rein;
Though oft will he the story tell
Of blood bespattered plain,
Lights Out, awaiting too,
A place among Death's slain.

AMBITION

And have you found entrance always
To other minds than mine?
I have from King to Peasant down
At some time in their day.

And did they then, as I do now,
Hold fast thy glittering form?
Yes, till some tempest came at last
And by me swept them past.

Oh! cruel monster, demon, beast;
And would'st thou let me go?
Yes, thou art timid and not fit,
To Earth's high glories know.

THE EXILE

Away from his country, away from his home,
Beyond the great ocean he sadly doth roam,
And muses perhaps on the land once his own
From which he now wanders an Exile alone.

The songs of the birds and the blossoms of Spring
Cause the old scenes and mem'ries the closer to cling;
While the ashy hued mantle cold Winter doth bring
Tempers well with the heart that no longer can sing.

That land once the theme of his patriot's pride,
For which brave men nobly had fought and had died;
A barren waste now its place has supplied
For the tyrant has entered and long occupied.

Has divided the land, while Liberty sighed,
And his minions the people now mock and deride;
As they groan in their thralldom for want of a guide,
Ah! few can know how the Exile is tried.

TO A FRIEND

The young look to the future, the old think of the past,
Should you grow old, remember one who prized you to
the last.

Yet see you do your duty in this great world of ours,
Love man, serve God; forever true, reach fair yon
Heaven's bowers.

PHILANTHROPY'S QUERY

Brother, pause: is it no use
 For us to work and wait?
 And do you sneer at those who try
 A race to elevate.

What if it should weary
 Minds devising good,
 To ever hear your murmurs,
 To feel misunderstood.

Knowing well, you do misjudge
 Whate'er they undertake,
 Suppose then for a moment
 These should their work forsake.

Suppose that quitting, leaving all,
 They should take your advice,
 Would you then find it so easy
 To make your creed suffice?

Suppose your words believing,
 These should do thus and so,
 Under your guidance keeping,
 Would our world the better grow?

TO FIND HEAVEN

Go not to the well that soon is dry,
 Try not aloft with the birds to fly;
 Improve but the moments, as Time rolls by,
 Prepare for a World beyond the sky.

Let not vain thoughts your temper try,
Let no harsh words wound Spirit shy,
Endeavor to cheer, whome'er doth sigh,
Not far away doth the Kingdom lie.

A Kingdom, where all is lovely and bright;
A Kingdom, where never doth come the Night;
A Kingdom, where all are robed in Light.
Ah! Yes! 'tis Heaven's gates blind the sight.

'Tis only those, that by strength and might,
Resolve they will conquer or die in the fight;
'Tis only those who obey the right
That live soon to wear the spotless white.

That live the glory with One to share
Who died the guilt of a world to bear,
To carry from us both Sin and Care
And give us the right to enter there.

Would you live to enter that region fair,
Remember! those who will do and dare
Are those who will cross the threshold rare
To taste of its joys beyond compare.

Then turn not aside from Duty's call;
Why should you tarry without the wall?
A Book for the rescued from Satan's thrall
Will show you what lies beyond the pall.

Will show you the way is free to all,
Will show you the Throne in the Mansion Hall;
A Light, it will guide you o'er mountains tall,
Beyond the gate, beyond the wall.

More recent published and unpublished poetry.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SEA

One of the greatest admirers of the U. S. Marines is William Walker Hanna, M.A., attorney and counsellor-at-law, of 455 West 22d Street, New York City. Mr. Hanna tried to enlist in the Marine Corps during the war, but was rejected on account of age. He afterward served with the Marine Division of the Home Defense League, and in volunteer recruiting for the Allied Services. The following was written by him especially for the "Marines Magazine and Indian." (Dec., 1920):

From shore to shore, from clime to clime,
He goes at duty's call.
In peace, in war, in calm or storm,
He braves life's every brawl.
His manly breast may lack caress
Of maiden fair and free;
He greets his friends, he meets his foes—
The Soldier of the Sea.

His ship may sink, her lifeboats roll
Their contents on the strand;
He's up again—he's on again,
This chap of sanguine brand.
Poised high in air he guards a fleet
From grim catastrophe,
Or, midst the palms, he rules rude tribes,
The Soldier of the Sea.

Now spic and span he takes command
In an emergency;
Or with his mates, in proud array
Parades most gallantly.

His last term up; then home he goes,
From further service free,
Or fills a grave in sacred soil,
The Soldier of the Sea.

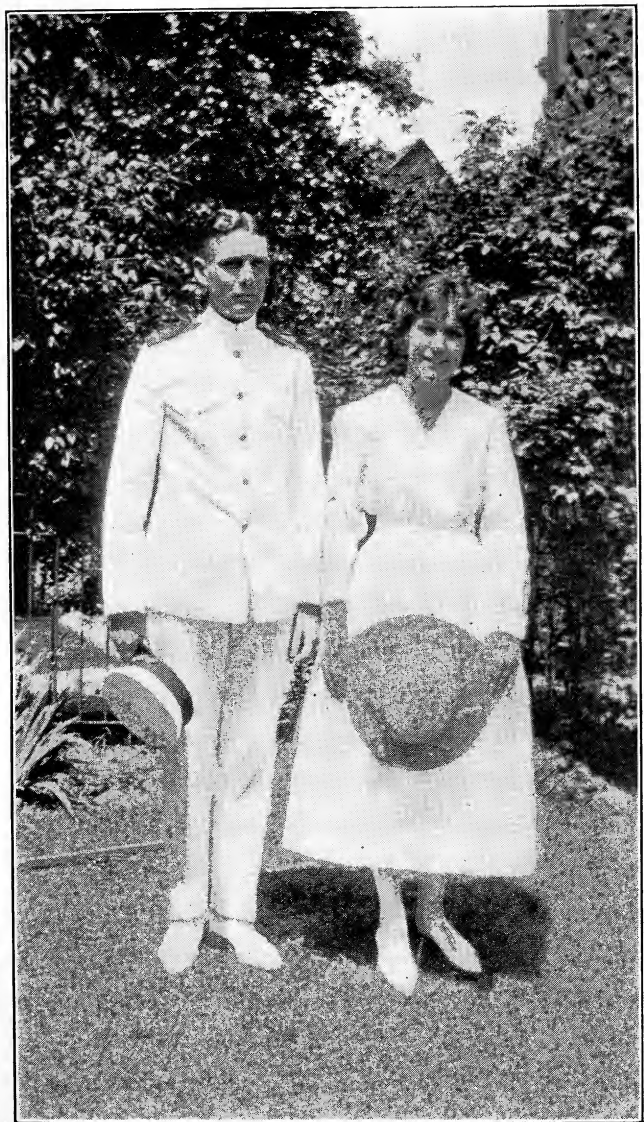
All honor to his memory,
Who needs no welcome hand;
His country's flag, his country's cause
Made his a mission grand.
And comrades brave, who safe arrive,
Should ne'er forgotten be.
"Semper Fidelis" well befits
The Soldier of the Sea:—
The Globe and Anchor on his cap,
The United States M. C.
The Eagle these surmounting,
Emblem of Liberty.

N. B.—May be sung to the air, "Miller of the Dee."

THE ARMY OF THE U. S. A.

As published in the "U. S. Army Recruiting News,"
February 12, 1921.

Facing the bitter blasts of the North,
Midst Alaska's ice and cold,
Bearing the sizzling heat of the South
In our Panama foothold.
Taking a part in the farthest East,
Or watching the border line;
Keeping the Nation's sacred trust
With the flag that is yours and mine,
Manning the forts of our scattered isles,
Or guarding our rights at home;
Ready to back the "colors" up,
Should seditious forces roam,





Meeting the foe on a foreign strand,
In Russia, Belgium, France;
With the same old vim, showed long ago,
Before the Maine's mischance.
It gave us our independence,
It now defends our ports.
The army of the U. S. A.
Upholds our laws and courts.

N. B.—To the air of "The Minstrel Boy."

The following may be sung to the air of "In days of old, so I've been told, When fairy tales were true," etc.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY

As published in "Our Navy," Brooklyn, N. Y., 1921.

Oh! it's fine to be a Navy man
And sail the ocean blue;
To be a sailor of the seas,
The high-jack of a crew.
And it's great to hear the big guns boom,
And the little ones go, "crack,"
Whether in peace or war-time,
On port or starboard tack.

Oh! it's fine to be a Navy man
When waves are mounting high;
To rise upon each swelling surge,
Then dive, as sea-gulls fly.
To brave the risk of shipwreck,
From the reefs that lie below,
Certain the same will not occur
To any craft we know.

Oh! it's fine to be a Navy man
And sail the ocean blue;
To live at Uncle Sam's expense,
Each pay-day coming due.
And, perhaps, become an "admiral,"
Though its jolly well to be
In uniform, a sailor-man
Of the United States Navy,
Guarding our coasts and commerce
And the Flag of Liberty.

THE HOME DEFENSE MAN

As published in "The Fleet Review," Washington, D. C.,
April, 1921.

The Marine Corps did not want him,
Because he was too old;
The Army also turned him down;
To argument, was cold.
The Navy barred his eyesight,
For the "mess" he wouldn't do;
Fancy a "gob" with foam-kissed specs
Making an Irish stew.

At last, equipped with uniform,
And given a gun to hold,
He learned the moves in marching
Until he grew quite bold.
Could "shoulder arms" and quickly come
From that to a "present,"
Then finally to Peekskill range
With other "guys" he went.

'Twas here he learned to shoot, as well,
The target—with one eye,
To play at short-stop—as his gun
Would shy at every try;
However, soon he qualified,
As all the rest did too,
And in the League of Home Defense
They swore him to be true.

A defender of the Nation, in
The Marine Division; he
Of boats and seamen's tactics
Could talk amazingly.
Alas, while still the War was on,
This force was mustered out,
And urged the new State Guard to join,
All comrades good and stout.
Rejected here for under-weight,
Is how it came about.
This hero wears no medal now,
He's of the common rout.

LEHIGH VALLEY LUKE

(Editorial advice in rhyme.) By W. Walker Hanna, at
one time on the staff of a New York paper, 1921.

"It was down in the Lehigh Valley,
With a pal of mine named Luke,"
The further recital of what occurred
Would cause a stern rebuke.

Now, we leave it to Sailor Jack, himself;
We leave it to any man,
If his stuff could e'er be printed,
As it's quite within the ban.

In smut there's nothing lacking,
And it's full of spice, we know,
But it takes far more to-day than these
To make a poem go.

If, "it's down in the Lehigh Valley
With a pal of mine named Luke,"
By all means have it decent
And not a rotten fluke.

If we are to edit a paper,
And a sheet of good repute,
Then give us something wholesome
Or we will not sit here mute.

THE TRUE FRIEND

I do not want the friend who clasps my hand
And then, at once, is through;
Who does not sense my conscious soul aright,
Nor yet can, wisely, view
My cherished plans, ideals, my aims, pursuits,
Or whispered motives new,
With ready sympathy to understand,
Or wild alarms subdue.

I scorn the waspish ghoul, who stabs my heart,
When loving guests are few,
By telling of each petty fault he knows,
Each sorry act, askew;
Though from such ill-starred spite or spleen,
I teach myself, 'tis true,
To curb the fickle whim, the vain desire,
And, aptly, profit too.

But worse, the faithless fiend, who casts one out,
At blasted prospects, blue;
Yet, thrive, at my expense or yours,
When Fortune's gifts were due.
Oh! Let me never lack the "pal"
Who's kind, considerate, upright; staunch—a "bully"
man, clean through,
And ready, though a World oppose, to dare
And do, for me or you.

TOASTS IN TRANSIT

Lines written on the Anchor Line Steamship *Caledonia*,
July 8, 1910, upon approaching the shores of Great
Britain.

I sat one day on a steamer's deck,
Far out from land and home;
Beneath me, around me, the deep, blue sea
That ever seemed calling, inviting me
Over its wastes to roam.

I stood, one day, as the breezes blew,
Across that steamship's bow;
Behind me, beyond me, my native land,
While loomed there ahead a foreign strand,
Of America no foe.

Then here's to the land of grand endeavor,
The land that boast's She's free,
And here's to the source of Her birth and power
Britannia of the Sea. (Whence came my ancestry.)

A LAMENT

Lines upon reading of the removal of an ancient keep
or castle of the Hannays of Sorbie, Wigtonshire, Scot-
land (Mochrum Castle). Sorbie Tower or Castle still
stands.

Of the glory of Hannay, the sept of old Gall'way,
Remains there now nothing, except the mere name.
The greatness of Sorbie has faded and fallen;
Far elsewhere the family is seeking its fame.
Though Sorbie and Mochrum be doomed to disaster,
Their towers removed, as on strangers domain;
Yet, Scotland forgetting, the house that has ruled her
Will forget then the Hannays; she failed to retain.

(The author is a scion of the Kirkdale branch of this
family.)

A LAST TRIBUTE

So, thou art sped, the one I held most dear:
Oh! Man of wisdom and of kindly cheer.
Although a mother's memory long was cherished here;
Thou did'st survive; wast spared for many a year
To bless our home. Alas! the parting tear.
Thine was a true life, Christian and sincere;
I shall not see thy like again, I fear,
'Till all is o'er, and Heaven's course I steer.

But fare thee well; thy warming clasp,
The kiss of welcome from thy patient heart
Thou did'st bestow, to thy last gasp,
Unto thy children, scattered and apart.
How can I best the life-long story tell?





A soldier in the days of Sixty-one;
That duty to thy chosen Land well done;
The Church of Scotland claimed Thee as Her son,
To Her; thy zeal was manifest; The work begun;
Will live, as Thou wilt. "All is well," Thou saidest;
Yes! Thy battle's won.

(To my father, James Hanna, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa., formerly of Wigton, Scotland, who died in July of 1911, in his 78th year.)—By Wm. Walker Hanna.

A PREDICTION

(To our Present Rhymsters.)

The Poets of the Past,
In the Present Poets die.
The Poets of the Future are to be.
Now, should these latter venture
To; no "better verse" supply,
Why, there'll be one great and grand catastrophe.

WHAT IS AN IDEAL WIFE?

An Ideal Wife is the one whose nature, disposition, habits and resources best fit her to meet all the varied problems of life; and to be, as well, the undisputed chum, companion and partner of her husband, in all that embraces their mutual interests; his true love-mate and the right mother for his children.

—A Bachelor's Answer.

TO-DAY

To-day I travel paths unknown,
Where fancy sure had never placed me;
The star I followed for my own
Has threatened oft to quite desert me.

Yet still I follow Nature's laws,
With hope that all will yet grow better,
And trusting that Her richest store
Will find me free, without a fetter.

The following four articles are from "My Early Random Hits" (1898).

POLITICAL FREEDOM IN AMERICA

(An Essay.)

It might seem almost incredible that in free America, a country claiming to have the most enlightened constitutional government on the face of the globe, a condition of affairs exists almost too deplorable to mention. What has produced this sad situation may be easily surmised when we remember the causes which hastened the overthrow of the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, whose great cities to-day lie crumbling in decay. Experience, indeed, seems to confirm the hypothesis, that in proportion as a government is free and liberal, so do the rapacious, the unscrupulous, the ambitious, have an opportunity to triumph over the free spirit of its institutions. In this progressive

age "*Tempus res mutat*" and the laws of the past give way to the enlightened opinions of the present. A constitution that will not submit to modification may be an instrument capable alike of doing as much harm as it does good, since the interpretation put upon it to-day may give to fraud just the support it requires. The virtue of a law, it is apprehended, lies not in the rule itself, but in its spirit; and as J. Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, has said: "How can a nation be truly said to be independent that imports its thoughts, as it imports its wares; from abroad, and has not even the spirit to invent its own prejudices?"

In America life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is exemplified in a way quite startling. Individual selfishness, unrestrained, tramples upon principle, and with the aid of wealth, power and influence institutes and maintains a system of slavery unrivalled by the ancients. Bribery and corruption flourish, and bossism rejoices.

Nothing seems to reflect this tendency more than an American election. The nominees for office are often men of questionable integrity, of loose morals and dissipated character. Representing not the American people, but an iniquitous combine or ring, these men are usually elected in the face of all legitimate opposition.

Corporations know their tools, and the average American soon realizes, in despair, what it means to cope single-handed with monopoly. The desire to hold political office at any cost, too often at the

sacrifice of friendship, principle, honor and sincerity, is deplorable, and is far more reaching in its influence than is commonly supposed. It has established a standard of morality which, unfortunately, permeates social and mercantile life to a truly alarming degree.

Since it is generally conceded that patriotism vanishes when individual greed is allowed to defeat principle, who can wonder that anarchy progresses? Given a Robespierre, and who shall not say, with Justice Kent, that "When the spirit of liberty has fled, and truth and justice are disregarded, private rights may easily be sacrificed under the forms of law."

MUNICIPAL REFORM FROM AN EDUCATIONAL STANDPOINT

IF there is any principle through which Municipal Reform can be accomplished, that principle, I am of opinion, will eventually be recognized to be educational in character. Given a permanent organization of the right sort, with this as its working basis, and results cannot but inevitably follow.

Nearly all recent Municipal Reform movements in the city of Philadelphia and elsewhere have apparently overlooked the fact that the citizen must be properly educated up to the full measure of his civic responsibility before he can vote intelligently and from an adequate comprehension of what municipal issues involve.

As the average citizen is usually but little swayed in his opinions by the stentorian oratory which proceeds from the public platform, owing to the fact that he must necessarily, in times like these, question the motives of those who seek in this manner to influence his vote, some other means must now be found to influence his mind aright in behalf of safe and economical public measures, wise and expedient legislation or sound views of public policy.

The public press, at one time relied on to give unbiased information and advice, has of late signally failed to fulfill its mission in this respect, although it invariably throws much light upon the given subject. The Church holds itself aloof from politics from fear of contamination, although commenting most severely upon existing tendencies and conditions. The universities and colleges teach sound doctrine to their students, it is true; but there they stop. There is really no institution for educating the citizen and voter, as such, in connection with any existing political party, nor am I at all certain that he would attend if there was one.

As the unbiased views of those neighbors, with whose circumstances and prospects in life he is well acquainted, and with whose motives he can find no question, seldom fail to move a non-partisan tax-payer or citizen to cast his ballot aright, may we not take it for granted that associations of neighbors for political purposes upon an educational basis would be a good thing for the com-

munity at large. The University Extension idea is to carry education to the very doors of the people, who can ill afford to spare the time to go any distance to obtain it. This idea of educating the people in their own neighborhoods could be tried with happy success in the field of politics.

The question arises, however, would not the politicians at once offer themselves as fit teachers and instructors, and thus no benefits be obtained? This is true, and it must be forthwith admitted that some measure should be immediately adopted to keep this class, always rightly suspected, out of the movement. The suggestion is made, in order to show by illustration how all these ends can best be accomplished, that in each and every Election District or Division of a city, for instance, true reform clubs, composed of the independent and non-partisan element, embracing men of all political parties, be formed, and that the following ten officers not place-holders or politicians in office be elected in connection therewith: a grand sachem and two sachems (constituting the chairman and committee upon political matters, one of whom shall preside during the debates, lectures, etc., in the club on such subjects as Local Option, Prohibition, High License, Single Tax, Referendum, Municipal Ownership, etc.), president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, assistant secretary, debater (who shall select the subject for debate and open the subject by appointing affirmative and negative sides), and a grand sentinel (who shall act as door-keeper

and as judge in conducting elections). The meetings to be private or public, as previously determined upon, and where in any district or division there is not a sufficient number of men from all parties of independent views upon municipal questions; two, three or more Election Districts or Divisions to combine in originating and maintaining the club for the same.

Not only could clubs founded upon this plan do a great deal towards disseminating useful knowledge, but they might also, should they see fit, influence the result for district or division officers at the primaries and polls in favor of some one or other of their members. And, to carry the plan further, suppose that each club in a Ward or Assembly District sent a representative, serving on its political committee, to a Ward or Assembly District convention to consider candidates of political parties for office, with strict reference to reputation, record and fitness, would not some definite results be achieved, that will never be accomplished under existing conditions or by temporary, spasmodic efforts in behalf of individuals. By the moral influence which this balance of power organization would develop and exert, the existing political parties would be virtually compelled to select and nominate proper candidates. Again, each Ward or Assembly District convention of club representatives might, furthermore, send a delegate from its number to a higher or municipal convention, or a municipal league, with a view of having the or-

ganization, as such, decide in favor of some one or other of the political candidates for municipal office, or, if need be, in favor of an independent movement, thus facilitating the signing of nomination papers, etc.

To prevent any club from being captured by the adherents of a political party dominated by some boss, on the eve of an election, it would be well to provide that the club increase by tens, and that not until more than half that number are on the waiting list should the vote in reference thereto be taken. To insure that only those of good character join, applications for membership should go over until the next meeting.

Thus, it seems to me, that if you effect a permanent organization of this sort, having in mind the educational principle, you pave the way assuredly for Reform Municipal, and for the presentation, from time to time, of what is really of value, by the respective upholders of Local Option, Prohibition, High License, Single Tax, Referendum, Proportionate Representation, Municipal Ownership, etc. Instead of adherents of these doctrines discussing as segregated coteries their pet hobbies without result, the fashion very often in ecclesiastical matters; they will then be in a position to exchange views with one another, and, if possible, make like converts and enthusiasts, while working with others for common results political.

Education and permanent organization, of the right kind, must ever go hand in hand in bringing about needed reform.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS (*Sic Semper Tyrannis*)

ONCE in the lapse of ages past there lived a man whose name was Adam, and singular though it may seem, there was not a woman on the face of the globe, nor ever had been. Finding that by a special act of Providence he had been created and that he was alone upon the earth, in accordance with the Divine will, he took the title of sovereign over the inferior creatures, nor was this at all singular since they readily and willingly submitted to him. For quite a time he ruled wisely and well, possessing and exercising the executive, legislative and judicial powers without dispute. But finally, becoming discontented with his lonesome lot (as we surmise) a woman was sent to him. Now did his troubles commence, for although he retained the actual government as before, yet the woman being insinuatingly artful by reason of her beauty, often obtained her own objects and aims. Unhappily, on one such occasion, having obeyed her instructions and set the Divine authority at defiance, it cost him almost the absolute annihilation of his power and dominion, reducing him to poverty and wretchedness and releasing creation from obedience to him, though not completely.

Can we wonder that woman (if this be true) through the long ages that ensued lost many of her natural and civil rights. However, in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, we are again called

upon to promote the woman above the man, for that is practically what this talk about the elevation of woman amounts to. Let us endeavor by facts to show that such is the case. What is now demanded? Woman's Rights. Now let us consider the nature of these rights. It is, of course, to be presumed that they do not desire to lose any of the rights, common or special, which they have acquired or do now enjoy. Let us look, for instance, at the employments which woman's labor controls, teaching, sewing, dressmaking, housework, millinery, fancywork, etc. It must not for one instant be supposed that by Woman's Rights is meant the opening up or surrender of these avenues of employment to men. The agitators on this subject may say so, but you will find that women as a class think and act differently. Let us look again at some of the civil rights to which women under the law are entitled. For instance, there is the right of alimony, by and through which she may compel her husband to contribute to her support. The right of owning and controlling property, with special exemptions in her favor. By Women's Rights is not meant the yielding of these rights, that all may enjoy life in common; No, far from it. What then are the powers which they desire? Briefly enumerated they are these: The right to enter into those employments and professions from which hitherto they have been debarred, and in which men have labored; to become lawyers, doctors, ministers, masons and in all likelihood bricklayers and

carpenters, just as their inclinations direct; the right to representation in the government and to participation in its control without being obliged to perform all the duties of citizenship, that is, they would control the Government while the men uphold it. Skirts would come first.

Many other principles that they insist upon might be mentioned here, but as these are mostly subordinate, it will not be necessary to mention them at present. By rare good fortune, they have not claimed the right to wear trousers, or masculine attire.

Let us now consider, in conclusion, whether there is anything dishonorable about woman's present condition and whether circumstances are such as to warrant such a radical change in the course of human affairs as is desired. Are the employments open to women so crowded that they must necessarily enter those of men? Supposing that women were admitted into the vocations pursued by men, does it follow as a general consequence that they would all be benefited thereby? I am inclined to doubt such an assertion. Granted that women be allowed to enter those departments from which they have been shut out, what must necessarily follow as a result of an over abundant labor supply? A decrease of wages. Of one thing we may be tolerably certain in such a case, and that is, that women, being able to live cheaper, having generally no families to support, will eventually control the labor market. Nor will men only feel the hard-

ship of this. Married women will then, too late, see the error that has been made, unless eager to continue on, in their employments. And now as to the fitness of women for legislators, judges, sheriffs, etc., history, that science of the past, furnishes us with no clear precedent. Man has always been considered as the one born to rule. He has in all ages and from all time been the legislator and the defender, being called on at times even to shed his blood for the government; and should he not have the principal share in its direction? Woman has a sphere of her own in which to gain glory and renown. Let her devote herself to those fields in which she is indispensable. Let her make the world happier, and better, and brighter; let her begin at home. If, however, she must have the suffrage rights, then let her share all responsibilities and duties. Put her no longer in a privileged class.

A GREAT PROBLEM

WE live in an age of uncertainty; that which was the sentiment and purpose of to-day often ceases to be that of the morrow. Customs, manners, opinions and habits, whether political, social or religious, are changing with a rapidity that is truly surprising. Great questions requiring immediate settlement are constantly coming to the surface, only to be in every way evaded or indecisively answered. Legislation, religion, politics and science

are all being daily confronted with issues that never appeared before, and as the mariner's compass, when a magnet is brought near it, trembles and quivers and turns aside for awhile, the people, with each new issue, vainly try to turn aside, to go around, but not toward. Often do we find them ready to accomplish that to-day which they will repent of to-morrow; raging and turbulent a moment ago, but mild and obedient now.

Among the many questions that at the present day combine to unsettle the public mind, undoubtedly that of races is one of the greatest. Passing over the Indian Question, which is beyond doubt a great issue, but one which an honest and intelligent legislature can settle; setting aside all questions of religion, science, etc., it is my purpose to treat only of the position of the government as regards the question, "How shall we legislate as regards the races, African and Mongolian?" "All mankind," says the Constitution, "were created free and equal"; and the Constitution is right. The African race, since the abolition of slavery, has acquired nearly all the rights of citizenship, and what few barriers remain are fast giving way to persistent effort. That they should be allowed to enjoy the most of these rights for which they have contended so long is, to my mind, just and proper; but when we are called to throw down everything, to reduce everything to a dead level, I think we well may differ.

We are asked to admit them to the public schools

in spite of race, propriety, manners, morals, prejudice and a host of other natural reasons; to level everything that savors of distinction, or prevents social intercourse or even marriage; to admit them into our institutions, charitable and otherwise, and also to forget that there is an average difference in intelligence between whites and blacks. They complain, too, of the discriminations made against them, not considering that the prohibitions are imposed not only upon the one race but upon the other also. Surely that policy is best, even if deprivatory in its character, if it is the best for the public good; if it promotes the general welfare and a healthful, moral, social, intellectual growth. The colored race should not ask or expect to receive everything in common with the white race, to the ignoring of race lines.

Each should maintain itself distinct. What they ought to demand should be equal privileges for each; that is, equal school facilities of as high a grade as is maintained for the white children. As to the right of suffrage and their other civil or political rights it is without question necessary and just that they should enjoy these. Residence boundaries, also, should be set up.

And now let us look at that part of our subject which is so absorbingly interesting on the Pacific slope, the Mongolian question. The principal objections raised against the Chinese are that they are morally and socially a degraded race; that they will live cheaper and without the comforts that even the commonest laborer requires, thus being

able to work for a lower rate of wages, or when in business to undersell their neighbors, and lastly, that they are heathen and cannot be Americanized. As to the first of these objections I would simply say that the degraded condition of the race is owing entirely or chiefly to outside influences. Can we blame the Chinese for the opium habit? Did not civilized Europe and our own country force it upon them? What with whisky, opium, gunpowder and cannon, is it so surprising that the Chinese code of morals has been so low. The objection that the Chinese are a heathen people who cannot be Americanized is of small moment, and in regard to this point I am also constrained to say that we should not too hastily censure them. Have any of the European powers or have we acted openly or justly, honestly or graciously towards this people? Can we wonder that with the treatment they have received and still continue to receive that they should entertain no lofty opinion either of Americans or Christianity? We cannot blame the Chinese race for what we ourselves have made it. Our argument against the introduction of the Chinese loses force when we do this. No, it is only on the ground of expediency that their introduction can be opposed. This other and best objection seems to me to be the only one on which we can rely. We must look at our own people. If they are to suffer either in trade, morals or social intercourse, then will it be proper for us to close the gates not only against Chinese but Japanese emigration. And

that the introduction of these two will in every way be obnoxious to our people there can be no question. The White Race, due to inherent and, perhaps, inherited prejudice, demands politically, White domination, which, later on, it might be difficult to maintain in certain sections, where our native-born yellow men are thriving in large colonies.

CASH OR CREDIT

HOW CAESARIO MACARONI ACQUIRED AN OVERCOAT FOR NOTHING

By Wm. W. Hanna, M.A.

From "The Business Man's Magazine" of Detroit, Mich.,
December, 1906.

It was not that Caesario Macaroni really needed such an expensive coat. In Italy, the land of his nativity, Caesario would have gone without an overcoat from one year's end to the next and would have been quite content. In America, however, it becomes, during the winter season, and, especially in New York City, much colder, at times, than it ever does in sunny Italy; so much the more so, in fact, that an overcoat of some sort is quite a necessity.

Now Caesario might, well enough, have selected an ordinary ten or fifteen dollar article to meet the

case; but then—Caesario had ambitions, and also, Caesario had a girl, whom he loved devotedly and who undoubtedly appreciated a fine, dressy appearance in her young man.

Well, after all, why should not Caesario, for once, indulge his fancy for a fine merino, silk-lined outer garment. The tag on the collar, exhibiting \$30 as the price, need not prove the insurmountable obstacle; for, was not Caesario in the employ of the same department store that owned the coat and, would he not get a ten per cent discount, as an employe, and could he not, as well, get it on credit, for the same reason.

They might claim part of the price and deduct it out of his wages next pay day; Caesario had thought of that—but, then again, they might not. Caesario bought the coat—took it home and, in a very short time afterwards, was wearing it on Sundays, on holidays, too, and, without question, on all other days as well.

Of course, as might naturally be expected, the coat soon showed signs of wear; but this did not worry Caesario. He had only to raise objections to the fit or to the character of the material and, presto—the store would take in the buttons, put in new sleeve linings, alter to suit, or do whatever else he might require. For Caesario's credit, in spite of his non-payment for the merchandise sold, still remained unimpaired. Dunning letters he had received at his home from the correspondence department of the store. Letters, that of late, he had neg-

lected to open; he never had had, really, any occasion to do so, as they always remained unanswered, and yet, notwithstanding these importunities and this indifference, the humble Caesario, one of a long list of employes, was somehow always overlooked in this connection, as also at pay day.

So time ran on, then some months later, Caesario had a little misunderstanding with the head of his department and quit. Still the store did not forget that Caesario owed \$30, less ten per cent, for one overcoat, a silk-lined merino, and so, collector after collector was dispatched, early and late, to interview the redoubtable Caesario. But, alas, Caesario's kinsfolk, with whom he boarded, could speak no English and the collectors knew no Italian; so, with Caesario always away, there was an absence of any real, satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

Caesario would write long letters to the store, when at length the collectors threatened suit. He claimed the goods were not as represented; that the overcoat, guaranteed to fit, was a misfit and even prevailed on them, during the second winter he had it, to take it back and re-alter it again for him.

This time, the store kept the coat for the balance of that winter, in the hope that Caesario Macaroni would call for it and make full settlement. Vain, illusory was the hope. Caesario, who had meanwhile purchased a cheaper one, as a second best for wear, allowed them to continue their possession of the half-worn garment.

The sales department, to whom it was referred, refused, at length, to keep the coat longer; it had been sold, it had been re-altered. Better notify him at once of these facts, send it home forthwith and immediately collect.

This happened, except the last, according to programme. Caesario got the coat safely back again and in time for a third winter, but, Caesario paid not one centime of the price.

The irate collector, who next called, requested to know how much Caesario would pay for the coat. "Patience" was almost "at the point where it ceases to be a virtue." Caesario would not pay even \$20 for the coat. Would not put any price upon it. How did he know what the still unsatisfactory article of apparel was worth. He would have to see a tailor. And so, by this time, the coat having lost its fine appearance to such an extent it was of little value to either the store or Caesario. Caesario was allowed to keep the coat and keep the price of it also.

PART II

THE DEPARTMENT STORE COLLECTOR AND THE NATURE OF HIS WORK

By Wm. W. Hanna, A.M., Esq. (formerly Collector of
Suspense Accounts, etc., for John Wanamaker, New
York, and for N. A. Cushman, New York).

Not every collector, who takes up Department Store Collections as a means of livelihood, makes an extraordinary success of it. Indeed, I may say, there are very few, who possess the tact and requisite skill to continue, for a sufficiently long period of years, to avoid the hidden pitfalls, with which time and circumstance will, invariably, endeavor to entrap them.

In the largest stores of New York, Philadelphia and other cities—those having so many and so varied a list of departments, that all work done, in connection therewith, partakes most essentially of the “division of labor” principle—there are, usually, several groups or classes of collectors; each group with a distinct function to perform in relation to the Collections Department as a whole. A Department, which must stand in very close relations to the Bookkeeping Department, yet, must sustain, as

well, the closest connection with the Department of Credit.

Thus we see that the collectors generally, irrespective of class, are bound from the nature of things, where limitations of authority are not closely drawn or, do not clearly exist, to receive instructions; not from one source alone, but from several, a condition of affairs oftentimes resulting in confusion, as well as, in much vexation of spirit. The lack of system involved, as regards this situation, being, chiefly, held responsible, for the frequent changes in the ranks of the collection force.

By way of illustration merely, as well as to, somewhat, emphasize this: I will mention, that, in one establishment I was connected with, until recently, experiments were constantly being made at the suggestion of Credit-man, Department of Accounts Head, or Collections Department Head, which would have tried the patience, to the utmost, of the average collector and, assuredly, did try the patience of those of us, who handled the Suspense and Profit and Loss work.

I recollect that during my first year's employment, with a view, doubtless, to having us work as late as possible—that we might interview delinquents, just home from their places of business—I was expected to report at store opening-time, 8 A.M., but was not expected to return the same day; all collections being turned in the following morning; then, later—whether the management was afraid of some mischance to one of us over-night; or,

owing to a desire, as announced, to have the checks entered on the books, as early as possible—this arrangement was altered, and at the suggestion of somebody else, a new man, who had but recently taken charge of the Suspense collection desk, we were notified not to report in the morning at the store, but to start from our respective residences, on store time—to collect, reporting in the evening before store closing time—all expense slips for car-fare to be presented the same day, also.

The true reason for this scheme, however, was, as I firmly believe, that since the store had to assume anyway, when we were absent, that we were faithfully at work, it would be good policy to have us save the long rides or, better still, the time lost, coming in every morning, merely to report; since by starting from our residences, adjacent to our respective territories or districts, promptly at 8 A.M., we stood a good chance, as well, of catching the man of business—the debtor—at his home.

Under this arrangement, we were obliged to report every evening before store closing time. The one, personal objection, I frequently found to this was, that very often, as my district covered an extensive and suburban area, with long distances to traverse, I could not, at all times, reach the further, or more distant, points within the time limit.

This arrangement continued for a year or so; until, another new man at the desk, doubting our honesty as to the 8 A.M. start, with the approval of the Department of Accounts Head, undertook

to have us report at store time in the mornings, as before, and again, in the evenings, also.

The excuse given by the Head of the Accounts Department, was that the Credit-man might desire to send up, some morning, "something special" in Suspense or Profit and Loss. With old accounts, as any one familiar with the subject knows, this was palpably ridiculous, and—in the previous years of my experience—no such emergency ever arose to my knowledge; where the matter was really so important, that it could not wait from one evening until the next, or rather, from morning until evening and, besides this, the regular force of ordinary collectors, reporting every morning on store time, could readily have furnished a volunteer.

The early morning hours are, undoubtedly, the best for interviewing the business man or delinquent debtor, especially, at his home; and, I am convinced, the last arrangement made, requiring us to report at the store every morning, was, so far as I, individually, could judge of it, prejudicial to the best interests of the Suspense and Profit and Loss work.

There are, as I have already pointed out, different groups of collectors. First: we have, for instance, the Book and Piano men—those who collect the installments on books sold on subscription or club plan—encyclopædias and the like; or, on pianos and musical instruments.

In this line, as there is, usually, a written, signed contract in existence, whereby title, to the articles

in question, remains in the store or firm until final payment; interest being charged on lapsed assessments, and with clauses of forfeiture of possession also, where same are, unduly, deferred—the collector, usually, will find his mission a successful one, and, with a little diplomacy, combined with shrewdness, if duly supported by intelligent store authority, will be better able to achieve results, by the exercise of a little forbearance and patience, than, through the exercise of harsher alternatives, or, the insisting on the letter of the law, with its ensuing hardships, legal suits, costs, tangles and difficulties.

I, personally, had to do with one, rather stubborn, special case, where a customer had purchased a phonograph on installments, and, after keeping it and the horn for quite some time, desired to return the horn, claiming that an old one, he had, would do. After the balance due, which was about equal to the value of the horn, had remained for some time unpaid, I made a call upon the party and by pointing out, notwithstanding some little argument, that the written contract price was determined by, and based on, sale of horn, as well as phonographic instrument; and, representing that the new horn, with a new instrument, would be more likely to render perfect service, by much tactful patience and perseverance, I succeeded, ultimately, in having the last installments paid. A resort to legal process, thus becoming unnecessary.

Second; there are, for instance, also—the Regu-

lar or Ordinary Account Collectors, who handle accounts not greatly overdue; those concerning which, correspondence alone, seems not to altogether accomplish the end in view.

And then; Lastly; the class of men who are, or should be, the best paid, and who have the hardest end of it—the collectors, who rank next to the skilled lawyers and collection agencies and, who handle the Suspended Credit Accounts and look after Profit and Loss matters. Sometimes, there is as well, a Special Collector or so, sustaining a close relationship to the Head Credit man, who is given full charge of exceptionally important matters; but, in general, these three enumerated groups constitute the principal and most important of the Department Store salaried or employed collectors.

The Regular or Ordinary Account collectors are expected to persuade the slow-minded patrons to meet their accrued obligations at once, and the work requires much patience, perseverance, meekness, humility and tact.

These are they, who when "reviled" by some wealthy, but obtuse patron, "must revile not again."

They are expected, in addition, in case of any dispute over the correctness of a customer's account, to give some time and attention to the solution of the difficulty; that the matter may be adjusted and the balance paid; and yet, under our present, ill-devised system, of, in general, gauging

a collector's worth, by the amount turned in at the end of a day, as well as by the number of visits or calls made each day; it is hardly surprising, that the tendency on the part of the average collector, is to fight shy of this duty and to endeavor to have the amount carried to Suspense Account, by representations that it is "too hard" to collect.

One cannot, however, in every case, blame the ordinary collector, under such circumstances, for fighting shy of the adjustment of tangled or disputed accounts.

I have known, successive, itemized bills rendered the customer for like periods (which should have been duplicates), to exhibit far different balances and the resultant confusion; where, as well, articles have been returned and credited on wrong statements, has but added to the realm of mystery.

I will admit, too, touching upon the qualifications for a good collector, that it does not always pay, either, for an ordinary collector to be "too humble," or "too meek." "There is a time," as the Good Book says, "for everything"; and, as I write this, I call to mind, how an elderly gentleman, a collector—over forty years with one New York house, whose birthplace was Ireland—made out, by adopting different tactics, when all else had failed and further argument seemed useless. (Here's the story): Once again, he had been given the promise of a check in full settlement of a long overdue account. Promptly, at the time indicated, he was on hand; but the check was, as on previous occasions,

not forthcoming, and he was told, he had "better" call again. "Indeed! I think not!" he replied; "it is not better for you, for me, or for the firm I represent." Then taking a vacant chair, he seated himself, announcing as he did so—he would hold the debtor to his promise to pay in full, right there, at the time as agreed upon; as well as, his intention of staying with him for the rest of the day; or, until a check was given him in payment.

Threats failed to move him, bluster availed not, and, eventually, he got what he called for. In these, somewhat strenuous, days "grit" pays, as well as other qualities.

The collectors, who handle what are termed the Suspense and Profit and Loss Accounts, are usually men who have had considerable experience in the line of collections. Very often, men of legal training and ability, and quite often, men of bookkeeping experience, as well.

Being skilled investigators, these are the men who are expected to unravel all the mysteries, as to why accounts develop, unsatisfactorily.

Mistakes in bookkeeping, wrong charges, improper or omitted merchandise credits; such are some of the problems they are expected to adjust.

People in failing circumstances; customers with grievances; patrons of spiteful temper; of acrid disposition, of mean avaricious, shifty character; all bankrupts, receivers and the like, are to be duly approached and dealt with, after their kind; and in such a manner too, that no boomerang will await

the worker, at the store, in the evening or, at the end, when his day is done. And, with all this too; the cash must come in; or, the man goes out.

As a rule, while it is from the male patrons that personal violence may, occasionally, be apprehended, and I have, even, known of an unprovoked assault, committed, at times, on some unfortunate collector, faithfully following up some Profit and Loss claim; yet, in the main, it is the women patrons or debtors, who cause the most trouble to the Suspense Account collector, and who are the most apt to make mischief by spreading false and erroneous reports, concerning him and his methods.

Yea, I have known them to visit the Credit-man, in my own case, with stories of scenes and of things that never occurred, and which must have had their origin in an over-wrought imagination.

The worst feature of all this is, that no matter how wild the tale, it gains, very often, some degree of credence, and, indeed, it requires, sometimes, quite a lengthy explanation to show how little plausible it is, and so, regain the confidence of Credit-man or Manager.

I well recollect, how, at one time, I was myself accused of having gone to the rear of a certain house, when I could find no one at home front, and of having rapped vigorously on the back door with my umbrella, to the general disturbance of the neighborhood. The lady of the house, who was in, on a subsequent visit, loudly vociferated, openly accusing me of this, on the word, as she phrased it,

of a tenant in a rear property, who had seen me, as was claimed, in the act.

I pointed out, that she had herself said, that if, at any time, she did not answer the bell at once, when I called; I might probably find her by going to the rear. I pointed out, patiently, when her torrent of words had ceased, and her indignation had subsided somewhat, that this was just what I had done, on the occasion of her absence referred to, and that, although I had had an umbrella with me, it had remained under my arm, all the time; even when I had knocked on her back door, with my hand, for admittance.

Notwithstanding my explanation, she wished to confront me with her tenant, which I declined to permit, as I could have no use for such an one, and I have no doubt my lady reported, on all the circumstances of this remarkable, albeit fictitious episode, to my employers, as she threatened to do. It is to be hoped, that she has settled the balance, that I was after for such a length of time, as I know, that many and unfruitful, were the promises and the appointments given me for payment.

It must be borne in mind, that in addition to the fabrication of excuses for not paying, many debtors and, particularly, the women, will, quite often, seek to save themselves, if possible, by complaining, without any foundation whatever, to the store management; that the reason why an account was not paid long ago, was because of the conduct of your collector, Mr. So and So, etc., etc.

This is a reprehensible piece of business, and the average collector would suffer oftener, if it was not, that people of this sort, usually overdo the part, to such an extent, that the motive becomes, at once, quite transparent.

I can only emphasize in closing, that a collector of any sort and, especially, a Department Store Collector, will find it, at all times, to his advantage to be engagingly civil, obliging, good-natured, honest, straightforward, earnest, persevering and tactful; neat in dress, careful in speech, clean in person, cheerful in manner and correct in habits.

He should, upon each visit, become better acquainted with the debtor, from whom he seeks payment; and, while not becoming over-familiar, exert sufficient personal magnetism to let the other know he is interested in him, or her, in the daily details of life and business, as they reveal themselves to him, and that, while seeking liquidation of the debt; he follows the matter up, more that the other may have a chance to do what is right, when, and as soon as, circumstances will allow, than for any other reason; with a manifest abiding faith, that all alike must realize and should uphold the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," as the nearest approach to the Golden Rule.

Let it not be forgotten, also, that more is gained by patient kindness and good-will than through any sledge-hammer method, and that, while occasionally, it may be necessary to threaten suit; yet that, even here, the matter should be brought to a

"focus" and to a close, so far as the collector is concerned, in such a way, that although relations are terminated, there must, nevertheless, remain some enduring respect for the manner in which he has conducted himself.

I have been so far honored myself, in the John Wanamaker connection, that I have known the house, losing patience, upon my failure to collect; bestow the matter upon some commercial agency; and, when also, the commercial agency, or the attorney, to whom it was referred, later, could do nothing with the matter in question, quietly, unostentatiously restore it finally to my list, for another and, perhaps, more successful trial.

The best maxim for the collector, who has met with many and repeated rebuffs, is, "Never despair." As the constant dripping of water will wear out the hard, flinty rock, so patience and perseverance will accomplish all things. As to Napoleon Bonaparte, there were "no Alps," so, to the resourceful, the successful collector, there should be no insurmountable obstacles and no hopeless cases; even if, on the Profit and Loss list. "Peace be unto you," my brother. "Where there's a will, there's a way."

THE DEPARTMENT STORE'S MISTAKE

(Founded on Fact.)

MISS DAISY—stenographer and typewriter—was in a hurry to reach the office down-town. She had been unduly delayed in making her purchase of "Social Teas," which was to constitute an item of refreshment in her programme for a home evening with some few girl friends. First of all, in the great emporium which sold everything in general and nothing in particular, she had had difficulty in locating the "grocery department"; then she had had another hunt for the "biscuit counter," until finally, after the busy, young saleslady had finished with some other early customers, an opportunity arrived, and she received her nicely done up, inter-sealed package and was thereby enabled to wend her customary way to business.

This Miss Daisy was employed in a well known geologist's office, where for years, with her employer's appreciation included, her ability in connection with a certain Remington machine, as well as, in the line of stenography, had long been a subject of enthusiastic discussion, at odd moments; on the part of sundry surveyors, clerks and others, who constituted the subordinate working force, and who were usually too much occupied with their map drawing and figuring to bother about anything else.

Once, indeed, however, it is on record, that they

had imprisoned the cat in one of the drawers of her desk, so as to make her jump upon opening it, but then, poor pussy had made such a protest, that one of them had been obliged to set her free, for fear their employer in his private office would hear the noise and demand the reason of it. This practical joke might have had the result intended, but for this, and also, if it had not likewise happened, fortunately for her tranquil mind, that the young lady, before she had commenced her routine work that morning, was called upon to take some dictation in the aforesaid, adjoining, private office; and that, while so engaged, a visitor arrived without to see the "boss."

Whatever he may have thought, on seeing the cat with a loud cry spring out of the drawer of a desk, where it had no reason to be, and dart into the hall, as he opened the door—we do not know, but he must have been tempted, if a S. P. C. A. man, to make inquiries.

Now—peradventure—having long since become accustomed to her companions and their antics, and being necessarily less unsophisticated, their opportunities were more meager.

Upon this particular morning Miss Daisy entered the office a trifle late; smiled a good morning upon all and, after placing her package in a safe place, condescended to explain the reason why she was detained en route.

There was little or no comment, except of a bantering sort, and she began her work promptly—had

her noon-day lunch later, at a near-by restaurant, and then; later still—finished up, in the evening, about as usual.

On her way out she noticed, as some of the clerks wished her good night, that they grinned rather mischievously; but with her bundles safely in one hand and a number of letters to be mailed in the other, it did not strike her as unusual or even suspicious.

But when she got home that evening and her friends in due season were prepared to dispose of the "Social Teas," her astonishment was unbounded, to behold nothing but small pieces of coal in the package. Could the clerks have known at the office what it contained—hardly, for the seals were still unbroken and there was no sign it had been tampered with—but it might have been that they had heard the imaginary "Social Teas" rattle in the box, when she had lifted it from the desk, and were disposed to make merry over it. Reassured, by thus allaying her fears and suspicions. Confident that her package was still intact, the next morning found her again at the same department store, in a state of conscious rectitude, to have the ridiculous, unaccountable, matter investigated. The same young woman appeared, and to her she related her complaint—how she had been given a parcel which contained, not the crisp, delicious "Social Teas" which she had ordered and paid for, but an intersealed package, which, although

marked "Social Teas," contained, when opened, only small pieces of very, very, black coal.

"Wonderful," exclaimed the young woman, and then hailed a passing floor-walker. "Mr. Smith! one moment, please. What do you think the Biscuit Trust is doing now? Putting up coal in its intersealed packages. Just hear what this young lady says, will you——"

Patiently, for the second time, she rehearsed her story to him.

"Strange," he remarked. "Come with me to the manager's office. Yours is the first complaint yet received of this sort."

The manager, when found, listened with ill-concealed vexation to the customer's complaint; then made inquiries as to the condition of the package—but Miss Daisy stoutly denied it had been touched, or the seals broken, except where she had herself opened it. Finally, after a moment's intense thought, he told her they would write the Biscuit Co. and apprise them of the outrageous circumstances in short order—apologized, for her having been made the innocent victim of some far distant practical joker, and informed her that meanwhile she could have her money back if she wished it.

Her money refunded—justice accomplished—she, once more, arrived at the office, on time, fortunately, but flustered with the morning's exertions.

Her unusually triumphant animation prompted one of the clerks who noticed her arrival to remark, "That she must have had a jolly good time last

night." This led her to narrate to him the entire story. As she proceeded he could hardly hold himself down and, at length, sang out, "Here, boys, come listen to this latest department store swindle." Soon, however, when she mentioned to an interested, gaping audience, how the manager proposed to take the matter up with the Biscuit Co. for sealing up black pieces of coal instead of "Social Teas," they could restrain themselves no longer and fairly roared, in insuppressible mirth, as they explained how they had themselves, as a joke, unsealed the package with steam, extracted the biscuit and refilling it with the small pieces of coal, carefully re-sealed it as before, without leaving a mark.

"But, Miss Daisy," they all exclaimed, "have pity on us; we intended to play the joke on you—not on the department store—yet the joke is on the store and on us too, and you must help us to avoid the legal consequences, if any, and square the matter up, or they'll say we were getting goods on false pretenses. Here's the full price (and they forthwith chipped in). Do like a good soul, see that the matter is dropped. Please do."

And thus it came about that Miss Daisy, a pretty typewriter girl, made still a third journey to a leading departmental emporium or store establishment of her native place to give them the exact truth—the whole story, respecting their inexplicable blunder.

CHIEF SWALLOW-TAIL'S REVENGE

It happened, many years ago, that there existed a certain tribe of redskins, who were known as Mandans, and whose hunting and camping grounds, while considerably west of the outlying colonial white settlements, were, nevertheless, widely separated, by both forest and stream, from their more warlike, more savage, neighbors of the uncharted, unsurveyed interior.

A brave, highly intelligent people, they had, under the succession of able sachems, wisely cultivated the arts of peace; tilling the soil, weaving themselves clothing, and improving their village domiciles. At peace with their white brothers and with no molestation, from any source, they had gradually, without misgivings of any sort, settled down, under the then leadership of an old, experienced and noted chief, named Swallow-Tail, to enjoy life, fully convinced that as they had for very many moons harmed none—none would harm them. They might hunt, they might fish; but why prepare for war, when war seemed so unnecessary. Swallow-Tail's advice, as often given in the council, was "war kills," "peace creates." "Let there be but one warrior in this tribe, to fight your battles, and I will be that man. Go on in peace and prosper; I will guard my people and, if necessary, aided by the Great Spirit, who ever loves justice and

truth, protect their persons, and revenge their wrongs." So said he, and his people, by degrees, heeding his admonitions, discarded the bow and arrow, the spear, the tomahawk and the knife; unless, where useful in the chase, or peaceful industry.

Thus, in almost idyllic enjoyment, many days passed; days of prosperity; days of contentment, and the old chief was deeply respected and highly honored.

But adversity was at the door. A scourge of smallpox, contracted through a visiting white trader, who sought hospitality among them, while ill from the malady, in a short time decimated the tribe, and while the survivors, many of whom were just recovering from its effects, were almost powerless to resist, a runner brought the evil news that a band of hostile Sioux, raiding from the Far West, were rapidly approaching.

Realizing the peril of their situation, the old chief acted at once. Men, women and children, he gathered together, all who were able to travel, and bade them conceal their trail and hide themselves in a certain inaccessible part of the dense forest. Of all the number, one only, the beloved daughter of Swallow-Tail himself, was permitted to remain; that, being a woman, she might nurse the sick and beseech the enemy for mercy, warning them of the dreadful scourge.

The old chief, true to his unforgotten vow, arraying himself once more in the panoply of his

more warlike youth, his glistening skin daubed with paint, an eagle feather waving from his banded locks, tomahawk and knife at his belt, bow and arrow in hand, deftly disappeared into the not distant underbrush, to await the oncoming foe and subsequent developments.

He had not long to wait. A savage war-cry, and the Sioux had surrounded the village. As they drew nearer the wigwams, they espied Winnymora, Swallow-Tail's daughter, coming towards them and carrying in her arms a child, whose swollen face and body showed the nature of the disease. One look, and, in affright, they were gone. Not, however, before their ferocious leader had forever stilled the heart and life of the brave girl by a cruel shaft from his bow.

Swallow-Tail, almost stunned, saw the act; then, quickly, approaching the body, he knelt, with a moan of sorrow, and removing the arrow to his own quiver, sought out in the deep forest glades the hiding place of his people. Bidding them return to their homes and duties, he informed them the course of even handed forest law, required the death of the raiding chief, for the daughter so foully slain. "I am one, against many, and ye are, but few, but the Great Spirit is mighty. Rest here, my people; I alone will execute judgment upon this aggressor. I promise, though I should travel many moons, yet shall this foul assassin perish." So saying, he withdrew, to seek the enemy's trail.

Many days, perhaps a month, elapsed; and, of

their chief and his chosen mission, there came no tidings. At length, they mourned him, as one who had perished; and the community, restored to health and renewed confidence, were about to select his successor, when an old man, well bent over, leaning on a bow, lame and spent, was observed approaching. At the same time there sounded, for the last time among the Mandans, the well-known scalp-halloo, and Swallow-Tail was with his people, in their midst, his enemy's scalp-lock held bravely up, receiving their congratulations and their praise. While they busied themselves about his person, investigated his wounds, and relieved his needs, even as they adjusted, with pride, his chieftain's head-dress, he told his tale.

"When I left you, my people, I followed the still warm trail of our enemies, by day and by night, until I came up with their encampment. The rest was easy. I enticed their leader into the forest, by imitating the wild turkey's note; there I pierced him with his own arrow; sounded the war cry of the Mandan; took his scalp, to prove my mission done, and, amidst a flight of arrows, some of which, unfortunately, struck home, made my weary, lonely way through trackless wastes, wounded and spent, to die, perhaps, as I shall now expect to, at home. I have revenged my daughter and my tribe. Ye are at peace again, as I would have you. So remain. It is meet that one man, in his youth a man of war, should do this for his people. War kills; Peace creates. Farewell, and may the Great Spirit bless you."

THEN AND NOW

YESTERDAY—waiting for the girl to rejoin him, as he lay on the sandy beach—Hugo De Lancelot had reviewed philosophically the glorious Past, and had found himself comparing, almost unconsciously, his own poor attainments and prospects with the brilliant achievements of another of the name—an ancestor of the time of Bruce and Bannockburn.

In those days, he reflected, life was full, indeed, of startling incident and heroic adventure and—he, who armed cap-a-pie, like the ancient Hugo of old—kept watch and ward, with his many retainers, behind good, stout, castle walls, as truly labored for the good of the community—as does any blatant socialist of to-day. The sturdy tenants of that bygone age willingly tilled the laird's lands and supplied his table; for they well knew—who stood between them and royal prerogative on the one hand, and—for their protection against lawless raiders on the other.

It is no easy matter to carry around, from one year's end to another, so many pounds of armor plate upon one's back; without, at times, feeling sick of the whole business. It was surely justifiable, that this redoubtable ancestor should have been considered, at best, grim and austere. No one then, however, called him an idler—a parasite. It was

left for this generation, with its psychology and social reform, to do so. He had died in a tragic way too. Leading his men valiantly, in a *mêlée*, on the Cruives of Cree Bridge, he had been crowded off and had sunk, like a plummet, through the quicksands beneath. Hugo, the modern, as yesterday he had ruminated on this sad fact—called it, almost skeptically—a well-devised suicide and the happy ending of a tired life.

What would this ancestor have done in the Present, if he was in his descendant's place. Would he have aroused himself at 6 A.M., to do all the needful chores, work in a factory to 5 or 6 P.M. and thus earn his livelihood by the sweat of his brow; only known to his fellows by a certain designated number; without prospects, without fortune, without future—home, wife, children or happiness—with a meager wage, only, and a great soul hunger always? What would he do, with nothing left, save such as the many possess; a good character, a sound, moral reputation and an honest record; and this after all the educational experiences of an uneventful existence? Why!—in his ennui—he would make as good a finish as at the Cruives of Cree—"Perhaps."

But these speculations are over. They were of "Yesterday," which has gone its way. While "To-day"—to-day—all the morning papers are brimming with glowing praise of the self-sacrificing hero, who at Coney Island, the day before, was lost. Yesterday, was drowned, while attempting to

rescue a young lady, whom he had accompanied into the surf and who had ventured beyond her depth. Rumor had it, she was a former fiancée who had finally rejected him, on account of his many failures, his abysmal poverty and the obscurity of his living connections. Had the ghost of Hugo De Lancelot, the modern, returned, however, it would, no doubt, have pronounced the sequel as, merely, a well devised suicide and a happy ending. As for the girl—the survivor—she will never be quoted. A new friend brought her in.

AFRICAN LIFE

(Experiences of a Friend.)

FATHER TIM had just been made a blood brother to the Chief with the usual simple but impressive ceremonies. So, of course, regarded himself, as he was likewise treated by the natives, as a highly privileged character.

He had had a thatched hut constructed, and a piece of ground or clearing, assigned, for which he had paid what seemed to him a mere trifle—some few trinkets—and thus, permanently established, was enabled to study the natives at his leisure and to advantage.

Among them, he was the great dispenser, the great trader, as well as the popular teacher and the miraculous doctor, or Pooh Bah, owing to the

numerous tin boxes of stores, containing muslins, cloths, beads, buttons, tacks, knives, etc., which he possessed. Also, as a crack shot with the rifle, he was soon destined, as well, to share honors with the Chief in the public estimation.

And, what a journey he had had, to be sure, before he had finally reached this haven, of security, of rest, and of observation.

First; there was the time, when he had come to the broad, dark, muddy, swollen, onrushing river, where all his nude, black porters, with the goods floating in front of them, had breasted the current and reached the other side in safety—only to discover that they had left the white man behind; whereupon, they had uncoiled a large branch of the fibrous rubber tree, and one of them returning with the end thereof, had tied it securely around and, under his arms; before giving a signal, which had resulted in his being hauled over in rather sudden, awkward style.

It was with a chuckle of satisfaction he remembered this, and that he had made the procession halt—despite all protests—that he might change his wet flannel shirt for a dry one. They could not see any sense in his doing so, as they were to cross the same river, again and again, during the day, and in the same fashion; but he had had his way and had, adroitly, shown them their mistake, by first drying the soiled wet one, by hanging it over the load, on the head of the man in front, while on the march; and then, donning it again, ere the

next submersion was required, at which time, he—mindful as well of the clean one—having folded it neatly into his helmet, transplanted said helmet, firmly, to the head of a good swimmer, among the porters, and bade him keep his head above the water. Tactics, which often repeated, resulted in his reaching camp that night, in a clean flannel shirt, as usual. If they had saved his life, he had saved his shirt.

Then there was the time when a venomous black snake had fatally bitten his native servant, before he had discharged the rifle shot that killed it.

Then, again, with chagrin, he recalled the days he had lost through illness.

First; it was the ague, from which he had slowly recovered; then came that unfortunate buffalo hunt, when with a hand rendered unsteady by the previous malady, he had endeavored to supply the natives of his party with the fresh meat, they had been so eager for. They had come across a good sized buffalo bull, and he had fired just as it had charged—a shot which, unfortunately, failed to stop it—another, which, likewise, reached no vital spot. Taking to his heels, there then followed an exciting race for life, wherein, he, at last, dodged back of a tree, only to have his side and abdomen ripped open, by a side thrust of the long, sharp horns. A dead man, he would have been then—as he fell to the ground and the infuriated beast returned to the charge—had not a courageous native rushed behind the tree and, as it came furi-

ously on, sent his long spear deep down into the back of its neck, killing it, instantly.

He had been a long time sick, following this misadventure; but he had survived, notwithstanding.

Now, at last, he had arrived at his destination in Central Africa's wilds, and could congratulate himself these incidents were but memories; as for the scar of his wound, that was but a lasting souvenir of the battle royal between himself and the wild buffalo.

Almost the first thing he attempted to learn was the language, and, although it took him nearly two years to become thoroughly familiar with that of the first tribe, with whom he resided—the Mayombi—yet, at the end of his first sojourn of six years or so, among them, he found he could speak three or four languages, or dialects, more or less fluently, as they are very similar. While studying their speech, he also utilized his time to good advantage, by observing their customs and ceremonies.

He found that one of the most dreaded individuals among them is the Witch Doctor, and with good reason. Let any one fall sick and appear incurable, the Witch Doctor is sent for. He sounds his rattle, blows his horn, and the drum is then beaten, and the tribe, men and women, assembled in a wide circle around the sick person. While this is taking place, the Witch Doctor, meanwhile, dances around the invalid, makes incantations and,

finally, his declaration—that certain, in the tribe, have bewitched the sufferer.

This over, he dismisses his audience, with a warning, he will call them together, on the morrow, as he intends to spend the night in discovering the guilty ones.

The next day, all are assembled as before; when the Witch Doctor enters; with his head-dress on; his axe over his back; the sacred knife in his belt; the rattle in one hand, and a cup of poison in the other.

He goes through much the same performance as before—threatening those that have the evil spirit within them. Finally, he looks at three or four of the men and women, closely, and bids them be seated in the center; when he, forthwith, accuses them of causing mischief and illness in the tribe. Of course, the poor wretches deny it; but no denial is permitted.

He hands them the cup of poison and adjures them to partake of it, saying; if they are innocent it will not hurt them; but, if guilty, they will die. Immediately, they all hasten to obey. A few minutes later, when the potion has completely stupefied them, he rushes at one—the sacred knife flashes, the bosom is laid open, and the heart cut out and laid on a prepared plate or leaf. So, with each one, in succession.

The warriors, who, meanwhile, have been dancing to the sounds of the tom-tom and drum, now rush in with their double-edged knives and dis-

member the bodies, each taking a piece, which in the end, at a given signal, they carry to another part of the camp, where the boys have built a fire, in which the remains are consumed, and the horrible orgy terminated; wherein three, four, five or six have been brutally sacrificed to witchcraft for the illness of one. A curious necklace, worn by the Witch Doctor, indicates the number he has thus killed; the black beads denoting the men; the white bells the women. In addition to their double-edged or double-bladed knives, the warriors also carry spears, and it is the custom that only the warrior who has killed a man may have hair around his spear; a weapon that is over eight or nine feet long, and which they can throw, with unerring aim, a distance of seventy-five feet, owing to their being trained from earliest childhood to the highest skill in its use.

Father Tim discovered that, among the natives, when a young man goes courting, he goes and squats down, before the mother's tent, and sings his praises of both, until the mother either entreats him to be of good cheer or to take himself off. If the girl's mother is well satisfied, however, he is invited to come in; is treated hospitably, and is then taken to see her eldest brother; who, having arranged the terms and the amount to be paid by the suitor, places one hand on his sister's left shoulder, and the other on his visitor's right, and together they resort to the place of audience in the village. The drum is pounded and, when the natives gather

around them, public notice is at once made, that they are affianced. After this, the girl is led away, by the young, unmarried women, to another part of the village, where a covered platform is erected, whereon she must remain, until seven moons have passed; not being suffered to leave this shelf, except at certain phases of the moon, when the young women assemble again, and, having painted her, in fantastic colors, fetch her down from thence, to participate in their dances. At these rites, no men are permitted to be present.

At the end of the allotted period, the girl is, again, brought to the public place of audience; her friends accompany her. The bridegroom, with his friends, arrives. The drum is beaten to summon the natives and immediately, thereupon, the Witch Doctor steps forward, with a large ring, like a bracelet, which he holds right before the bride, and, at the same time, explains, that, as the ring is round and has no end, so, likewise, a wife's obedience to her husband has no end. Then, he takes a whip, which he exhibits to the bride, and, putting it in the bridegroom's hands, tells him it is his duty, with it, to enforce obedience; but, that, he is never to use it without drawing blood. Having taken an oath to this effect, both drink out of a common dish, or bowl, and the ceremony is over. The marriage is proclaimed, and the wife is taken to her husband's home, where, as women do most of the hard work, her life of drudgery will commence.

Likewise; the good father observed, they had a

means of thoroughly embalming the dead. Indeed, when a chief died, elaborate methods were resorted to, to preserve the body from decay. (The same methods, largely, whereby Dr. Livingstone's body was preserved.) It was then, after embalmment, hoisted to the top of a pole; the numerous wives were gathered beneath it, and all, whether standing, kneeling, sitting or lying down, were compelled, for two or three days, to keep their faces and their eyes towards it; sleeping or waking, on penalty, otherwise, of being buried up to the neck alive, without the camp, but in sight of food and drink; and a further punishment, three days later, of public impalement upon a sharpened pole, by the Witch Doctor.

The Cannibal tribes, as a rule, file their teeth to a sharp point, and are accustomed to eat all captives taken in war; although they do not always do so at once, or devour them "en masse." Notwithstanding his enjoyment of human flesh, if a cannibal and a white man are friends, however, the former, on a long, wearisome march, will divide his last banana, where both are spent from hunger.

The Pygmies, little dwarfs, about two or three feet high, live in the depths of some of the largest, most inaccessible forests, and, it must be said, the larger natives, of the other tribes, are afraid of them. They are not a polygamous people, like the others, and are rapidly becoming extinct. Their want of physical strength is largely equalized, or atoned for, by their cunning strategy. They dig

pits, along the jungle pathways to their villages cover them over lightly, with grass, etc., and, at the bottoms thereof, leave upright poisoned spear-heads; a puncture from one of which means death. When other tribesmen happen, by chance, to cross a Pygmy trail, they invariably halt, tremble all over, and then, strike out in another direction. Although they trap many of the larger animals, by digging large pits, and covering them over with loose vines, branches, leaves, etc., having first planted sharpened stakes beneath, their main reliance, in hunting, seems to be, their use of poisoned arrows, the least scratch of which causes death. They use two poisons; one of which paralyzes all the nerves and produces coma; the other, of which, affects the blood and causes the most frightful pain. These arrows are fashioned, always, to the same exact length, being the height of the pygmy who uses them; though why they do so it is hard to say.

The Pygmies, as a rule, are of a shy, timid, retiring, distrustful disposition, and, perhaps, they have had good cause for this.

Among the Mayombi and other tribes it is not accounted morally wrong to steal; unless one is detected; but, in that event, the punishment is something frightful. The culprit has all the bones of his left arm, his right arm, and right leg, broken with a hammer or mallet, and is, then, thrown into a pit to die.

Notwithstanding these cruel customs, Father Tim

soon began to make his influence felt for good, while among them; and, by degrees, succeeded in winning them away from some of their worst ones. He studied them, to improve them—not exploit them. He taught them the truths of a happier, holier faith, and made himself, genuinely, beloved by them; especially, when in time of sickness, he ministered, with his drugs and healing art, among them.

So much did his fame spread abroad, that, when one day, taking leave of one people, he journeyed to a more distant and dreaded Cannibal tribe—the king or chief thereof, when he arrived, after the usual reception ceremony, believing him to be hungry, after the long march, brought two young, nude and comely women forward; tapped them, lightly, with his fingers, and said: “Eat! eat!” For a moment, as the women smiled at the white man’s appearance, he did not realize what was meant; then, in a flash, it dawned on him; the girls were captives, and, being young and tender, were offered to him as a toothsome treat, for present and future meal-time delicacies.

He, however, managed, without great offense, to make the king understand, that he was then, on a strict vegetarian diet as were also, he declared, most of the white people. (He had become converted to this kind of diet while in Africa, where they eat the whole of any carcass and seem to relish, at times, almost putrid flesh.) This avoided any further embarrassment on his part, and, undoubt-

edly, saved, for a time, at least the lives of the two young women who seemed, so far as he could judge, to be quite resigned to their after fate, treating the affair, altogether, as a common, or usual event. Whether shortly after this occasion, Father Tim succeeded in obtaining a promise that cannibalism should thereafter cease, I do not know; but I feel certain, that during his long stay among them, this tribe must have, eventually, surrendered their cruel method of dealing with captives. One thing is certain, female suffrage is not likely to trouble Central Africa for many years to come.

Of the many beasts which Father Tim hunted in Africa, none was, perhaps, so much dreaded by the natives as a species of horned horse; perhaps related to the Okapi. The male seldom, if ever, will wait for man's attack. It is prone to charge at once, and woe betide the native who is caught by it, on its dagger-like horns, with its teeth, or beneath its hoofs; for in a rage it invariably stamps him to pieces, neighing, in triumph, meanwhile. The natives, when hunting it, "beat the bush" for it, having first formed a wide circle of warriors around the spot where it is known to be. Each warrior, with a long spear and shield, advancing, until it is surrounded, and, despite the fury of its onslaught, dispatched—when a grand jubilation takes place, ere the carcass is dragged home.

Now, in conclusion, before I quit my theme, I might mention, that on his last visit home to the U. S. A., Father Tim was commissioned by a native

prince, the heir apparent of a powerful Chief, to procure him a white wife, which he undertook to accomplish, on the youth's promise to abandon polygamy. The prince was not at all particular as to social status, or as to type or character; she might be blond or brunette. His only insistence was as to color; she must be white. I fear, however, it is too late for any one of our "old maids," who would be a reigning queen, to apply, as I understand Father Tim has again sailed, this mission probably performed, to again take up his labors among a people whom he has learned to admire and love.

Despite his wounds—the one as related from a buffalo bull—which is apt to trouble him at times, as it necessitates a truss; and the other from a rhinoceros, where his back was pierced, as he was going to a little spring, without a rifle, to bring up some water for a sick white companion, a visitor. The full-grown beast having suddenly charged, and, as he tripped and fell behind a log in the pathway, caught him, near the spine, with its horn, the instant his friend, with trembling hand, fired the shot which ended its career. Despite such mishaps, however, and the perils of the wild, Father Tim, hale and hearty otherwise, gives promise of many active years to come.

Central Africa, thus, swallows up again, not only a little advertised F. R. G. S., but one of our best, noblest, most useful, most gifted men. May long life, and success, attend him.

THE JEW

IN approaching this subject, I am endeavoring to do so with a mind devoid of all prejudice, for some of the greatest benefactors of the human race have been of this people.

The Jew has given to the World the greatest, clearest monotheistic conception of an omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent God, and the moral precepts, which the religion of Judaism, thousands of years ago—gave to Mankind, and inculcated, as principles to be devoutly followed—were and are of the highest, purest and best; essentially practical and, essentially, sufficient.

It must be borne in mind, also, that the common religion of the greatest, most powerful, most progressive nations of the World—the Christian religion is, also, of Jewish origin. And, no matter how we may regard the founder of this faith and system of belief; whether as divine or human; or as both; he was, nevertheless, the greatest, purist, and most sincere socialistic, religious and moral teacher that time has ever produced.

And, yet, he was a Jew, and so were all his disciples; and loudly and unmistakably did he proclaim that his message was to the Jew first. Yea, to the Jew were all his passionate appeals directly addressed, and, in a subsequent age, this was so far recognized, that Gentile peoples, who accepted

Christianity, openly acknowledged, "Salvation is of the Jews."

Let us give the Jew credit, therefore, for originating two of the purest and best systems of religious faith and morals that have yet influenced the human species, towards the highest realms of attainment. In the study of Government and Civics we must also credit the Jew with having early caught a glimpse of the possibilities of a republican or representative form of government, and of having endeavored, for awhile, although in a theocratic form, to establish the same.

As an offset to this, the intellectual, moral, religious or spiritual, which is the best side of his character, and which, if developed properly, makes him the compeer, if not the superior, of those of alien races, there is, I regret to say, one striking defect—a predominate fondness for material well-being; even, for filthy lucre, which renders him, too often, ready to sacrifice, the health, safety, happiness and principle, not only of himself, but of others; for financial or substantial gain.

The Jew is, ipso facto, and has been from the first, a commercial man—a trader; and his mercantile instincts, through the course of years, have become abnormally developed, at the expense of his better nature. No better comment could have been made on Jewish character, nor a better allusion to its well known and prominent defect, than what was said by the great Rabbi "Christ," when in the Holy place, the temple at Jerusalem, having driven

out the money changers and upset the seats of those that sold doves, within its sacred precincts, he uttered those memorable words, "My Father's house has been called the House of Prayer; but ye have made it a Den of Thieves." This tendency to seek, at the expense of principle, a material or financial gain, has led the Jew to become, very often, a meddler and busybody in the affairs of honest people; who wish none of his advice or interference, and it is this which, at certain periods and in certain places, has caused the race, in general, to be detested and, even, persecuted.

He is prone to find fault, on the slightest pretext, with what, only slightly, concerns him, and is, quite often, himself, the original offender. And then, instead of considering the general public benefit, considers, merely, his selfish, individual interest. I have known of many cases, where one Jew, for the most trivial or, perhaps, imagined inconvenience, would have deprived thousands of a daily pleasure, and instructive, profitable amusement. I have known of one, a Jewess, so selfish, that the singing of some small finches, in a large aviary next door, annoyed her, to the point of a public complaint against her neighbor, whereas, her own parrot was a nuisance to the whole neighborhood. Is this as it should be? I trow not.

Another trait of the Jew I might comment upon in closing. He is, like the Japanese, racially clanish, and does not make affinity with those of other religions or race. In this respect, however, he does

not stand alone; Roman Catholics, and, perhaps, Mormons, are somewhat similar, in the barriers imposed to a free marital choice. This spirit is opposed to the free spirit of a democracy, where all are, theoretically, equal; and is reprehensible, as claiming a superiority; which should not depend upon either religion or race, but upon merit alone. With kindest regards for Jew and Gentile, however much I may differ in opinion, allow me to conclude the subject.

WHY THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH DESIRES WORLD PEACE

(1918.)

BEFORE the recent fratricidal struggle commenced, the Roman Church, under the politic guidance of the then Pope, was not only well organized, well equipped and well financed, but was, everywhere and universally, well knit together, politically, socially and religiously. Presenting, thus, a united front and an exemplary condition of firm solidarity, which was well fitted to accomplish Her utmost aims, objects and desires—money and brains were ever, readily, at the command of the Holy Father, and Mother Church's investments, no matter where located, were perfectly safe.

What has happened since? Due to an inability to prevent the War, lessen its extent or even re-

duce its fierce ravages; although he strove manfully towards that end, and to cope with a deplorable situation; a conflagration and catastrophe which transcended his power to control, ameliorate or diminish; Pius X, worn out by his hopeless, self-sacrificing efforts, as well as by profound grief and disappointment over each disastrous event, became ill and, in deep despondency over the relentless warfare waged by professing Christian nations, died.

His successor, Benedict XV, has had no light task since. With similar high purpose, persistently, he has, again and again, moved by the destruction of so many precious lives and so much valuable property, sought to stem the rising tide of bitterness, rage, hatred and strife, which, emanating from political jealousies and racial prejudices, has caused the ever widening desolation, desecration and devastation; but his efforts, likewise, have, as yet—unless since the armistice—been without fruition.

And, well may Benedict oppose the continuance or renewal of this War, for full well, already, does he know the cost thereof, to that Church, of which he is the Supreme Pontiff or Head.

Hundreds of thousands of Her best, bravest, and most loyal sons; yea, and many of Her most devoted daughters, also, whose financial support has, ere this, constituted, mainly, the material basis upon which Her fabric rests, are, to-day, lying buried in the numerous filled-in trenches of many a stricken and indecisive battlefield.

Their yearly contributions, individually, may have been small, but, whether they originally belonged, nationally or racially, to Great Britain, France, Belgium, Russia, Servia, Montenegro, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria or Turkey; to Asia, Europe, Africa, America or Australasia; the principal result achieved is the same, and a serious diminution in the Papal revenue is directly foreshadowed and manifestly threatened.

Nor is this all. Consider how the Church has suffered otherwise; not only in Her prestige abroad and in heathen lands, as the harbinger of Peace and a blissful Christian millennium, but, in all her vested property interests, also.

How many of Her finest cathedrals, churches, universities, colleges, schools, parish houses, missions, museums, monasteries, convents and hoary monuments of glorious, imperishable memory and antiquity have been ruthlessly blotted out; battered to pieces; despoiled and irretrievably ruined forever. How rapidly have Her finest works of art and human handicraft, irreplaceable works of old masters, been shattered, disfigured or demolished. Her much prized libraries of scientific, philosophical or theological research, recklessly shattered or consumed—all as a result of the respective wanton and indiscriminate onslaughts and bombardments. With fire, with bomb, and with artillery to destroy them; there they lie a charred, blackened, shapeless heap. Priceless gems of a Past civilization; today, accounted as, merely, worthless dust. The

best, also, of the Present day, seeking a grave to rot in, as a cataclysmal finish.

It is almost unbelievable, incredible. Yet, so it is.

Nor does the woeful tale end here; far from it.

The moneyed and financial investments and undertakings of the Church and of Her principal, prominent adherents in the hostile countries involved in the War, have been so affected, that Her income must also, thereby, be rendered uncertain; if not altogether threatened by the ultimate outcome thereof. Holding, perhaps, the governmental bonds, obligations and securities of the various recent warring Powers; what will they be worth to Her in the end?

Verily, He who sits in the Vatican at Rome, and has patiently beheld so many of his Catholic children in Germany, Austro-Hungary, France, Belgium, Italy, Servia, Poland, etc., killing one another, day after day, and making one bonfire of Europe, must often question, where to all this must tend, and whether Christendom and the Roman Catholic Church, in particular, will ever recover fully from the blow She has received in the house of her friends.

More and more, Pope Benedict XV must deeply realize that the main burden of the Catholic Church support must fall upon the shoulders and backs of those not involved, unless indirectly, through the loss of trade, commerce, etc.; in the titanic upheaval.

Contribute! Give! Give! must now be the call,

to each Church communicant or visitor, and, with the amounts respectively contributed elsewhere, for widespread, popular charities, to relieve the distress abroad, such as, for Red Cross work, for the sick, the destitute, the starving, the maimed, crippled or prisoners; and also for the increasing charitable demands at home, in each neutral State. Where the money is to come from, to meet these presently reiterated demands, must soon become a problem, and one difficult of solution.

Salaries may, and most likely will, be increased, for a time, at least. Political salaries, first; Industrial salaries, next. And, still, in countries like the United States, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Argentine Republic and Chili, a great deal will have to be done by those who reap the fat harvests from large contracts, to provide the means wherewith the "faithful," their workers, may be enabled to pay their just Church dues and, little by little, re-finance their Church.

After the War, we have the aftermath. The Expense of reconstruction, of reorganization, of Church aid and relief.

And it will not be a light or inexpensive task, for the Roman Catholic World, as such, confronted by enormous difficulties, to again carry out those elaborate, well-conceived plans, designed to secure for their Church alone—the hegemony of the globe.

Every week, every month, every year of this dire War, ended, has but added to the heavy financial

reckoning, later; and, if for no other reason than this; that Her material prosperity is financially jeopardized; the Roman Pontiff and the Roman Catholic Church for this cause, must daily become, more and more, insistent on an ending of all War; irrespective of the underlying motives, original differences or racial influences, that cause it. No other logical attitude is possible.

“Let us have Peace” will soon be, not simply a wish; not simply a prayer, even. But the insistent, dominating purpose, policy and command of Roman Catholicism’s able Pontiff. And, for those of us, who, mindful of our common humanity, live daily in the midst of War’s cruel alarms and threats, that day of Peace cannot come too quickly.

ON PRESIDENTIAL PRE-WAR APHORISMS

“Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn.”

The God “Prejudice”—servile, illiberal, stunted, narrow, relentless—uses the fetishes—Religion, War, Science, Hygienics, Eugenics, Fashion, Form, Custom, Law, Convention, Sex and Education; to stir up discord and make the human race weak, ignorant, debilitated, debauched and impotent.

Galileo, Columbus and our immortal Washington, triumphed over Him and, therefore, deserve our plaudits, for their independence, both of mind and action.

The Gary System.—A Plan of Peace, Preparedness, International Arbitration, Public Ownership, are subjects that offend this God; and which, as not encouraging strict neutrality in thought—He holds taboo.

Yet we know, Truth must triumph—and although, “Too proud to fight,” as a nation, we seek to attain the impossible and “be neutral in thought,” we know such a condition is a palpable absurdity; no matter who is sponsor for such a misconception of our human nature. Neutral in action, we may be; but never, in thought; unless we choose ignorance or darkness, rather than information and light. It is the Great God, Prejudice, who favors such errors and exaggerates them, for individual or partisan purposes. Human frailty, well knows, as the Bible says, that “A strong man armed, keepeth his house,” and common sense teaches us that “Forewarned is forearmed.”

Why should Race, Sectarianism, Patriotism, not be touched upon, in general, where incidental to a general subject, or where admirable features of the same may be adduced, as or by way of illustration. To do otherwise, limits personal freedom and renders us as culpable as the one who supports a false modesty in connection with the facts of life. Anything is proper that involves the general good. “And I see that through the ages, one unceasing purpose runs, for the mind of man is broadened with the progress of the suns.”

LIGHT.—LIFE.—SPIRIT

In the beginning was the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said: "Let there be Light, and there was—Light." And the evening and the morning was the first day.

And God said: "Come now, and let us make Man, after our own image."

And God breathed into him, the breath of Life, and Man became a living thing and stood upon his feet.—Genesis.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and the Word became Life and dwelt among Men, and we beheld in Him, as it were, the glory, as of the Father; full of grace, mercy and truth; even, the express image of the Father's Person, for his Life was the Light of the World.

For every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of Light; with Whom is neither variableness, nor, shadow of turning.

To a human being: Light and Life are both necessary; as necessary, as to the vegetable world. Are there two kinds of each? Natural and Spirit. It would seem so. Two kinds of Light; one, a

mysterious, but natural agent. The Light of day: The Light of the body is the eye; if now, thine eye be darkened, thy whole body is filled with darkness. This is of a physical or natural sort. The other, a mysterious spiritual influence whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; but which illumines the mind with knowledge, whether there is physical blindness or not. Just as Natural Light is as necessary as on the first day of creation, to the Universe and Natural Life; so is Spiritual Light, or Mental Understanding, to Man himself.

If Natural Light is accompanied by Natural Life, may we not conjecture that Spiritual Light is accompanied by Spiritual Life, although we perceive it no more than in the former case. May not Reason exist, as Light, independent of mortal confines; as the body of Spirit Life? It would appear so. No man hath, at any time, seen the Father.

Man, therefore, is of a dual nature: Natural and Spiritual. Supply all his material, physical wants and he, yet, lacks something. Give him the use of all his faculties: mental, moral, or physical; he, yet, yearns for something; that something is Spirit: Spiritual Light and Spiritual Life.

For, when God first created Man, "He made him after his own image (Reason), and breathed into him the breath of Life" (Purpose). He cannot, as an immortal product, stand still. He must advance himself, and Nature. "So Man became a living thing," endowed with Spirit from on high,

"and stood upright, upon his feet." Not like a brute, with its nose in the dust.

But the Spirit of Man is weak, unless supported by God's Spirit; and God's Spirit being inclined to consume Man in his perversity. God said: "My Spirit shall not always strive with Man's Spirit, lest he perish from the way." "For He remembereth, we are dust." Therefore, as a finished type of what Man should be, in the fullness of Time He sent His Son, the Christ, of whom it was prophesied: "A broken reed shall he not break and the smoking flax will he not quench." Man, "having received the gift of Christ and the promise with Him, of the Holy Spirit: Who is able to make one wise unto salvation," "must now, work out his own salvation, with fear and trembling, because the times are evil and not good;" yet, are we not left comfortless; "for God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting Life."

"The Word having become flesh and tabernacled among us, for a season; we have the testimony of His broken body and shed blood; that so dying, the just for the unjust, we might through Him inherit the promise of eternal life. Therefore, through Him, we have an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, that fadeth not away." And it is to this inheritance, that the Spirit of God attracts Man, and it is for this purpose that

our Spiritual Life exists, and, should be developed. "For, we are saved, not by right, nor by might, but by God's Spirit, working within us; both to will and to do." "And we know that without Him, we can do nothing." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that falleth from the mouth of God." "Blessed are ye, if ye keep my commandments," sayeth Christ. "Not every man that sayeth unto me Lord! Lord! shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in Heaven." "Be ye not only hearers of the Word, but doers also." "Marvel not that I say unto you; ye must be born again. It is the Spirit that quickeneth."

And now, wherefore this Spiritual Life, which comes with Spiritual Light: Having obtained it, are we to stand idly gazing up into Heaven helplessly. No; we are to go out into the World, thoroughly inspired unto all good works and preach Christ's tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." "Freely ye have received, freely give. We are to let our Light so shine before men that they, beholding our good works, shall glorify our Father who is in Heaven." And, for every good deed done, remember there is the promised reward. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The vineyard is a vast one, but the laborers are few: Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, therefore, that He send laborers into the harvest. And,

above all else, in your work, "resist not the Holy Spirit, lest He flee from you."

Life, Light and Spirit—how necessary.

"True religion is to love the fatherless and widowed and keep ourselves unspotted from the world." If we follow the Right, the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. The God of Reason and of Purpose reigns.

And now, in conclusion, is there any room to doubt the existence of Spirit, of Spirit Life or of Spirit Power. We feel the wind, but who can say "whence it cometh or whither it goeth; for it bloweth where it listeth." We feel an electric shock; we do not see, nor do we know, what electricity is. By its power, we can converse with all the ends of the earth, or can transmit a picture or photo. It is subtle, evanescent, but we are convinced it is diffused like light and life through the Universe and it has great power. Take the wireless telegraph or telephone, and if the sending and receiving instruments be not properly synchronized, there is no proper message. May it not be the same with our souls, and the Great God or Spirit, the essence of all things and the Life or Power thereof. Electricity we have long since found out to be dual in its nature. It is positive and negative, the two elements having a decided antipathy to one another, like the white and red corpuscles of our blood, yet by their tendencies to go in opposite directions we have the electric current. May there not well be Good and Bad Spirit Power, with the better un-

derstanding, and will of the Good, always in the ascendant; good and bad souls also, as magnetized by their willing approach to either pole. Do not let us be too sure of ourselves. I hear a voice; my ears tell me it is the voice of a friend, but on investigation, I find it to be the voice on a phonograph of him who has long since passed away. How, then, with the voices, the thoughts, within us, that play upon our brain cells. Among them may there not be the voice of the Great Spirit, or of "Him, who being dead yet speaketh." We are told also that "the Evil Spirit (negative) goeth about seeking whom he may devour." Is it not reasonable to suppose this; for we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and our brain cells are but the life records, with what they contain, of our daily progress. The Recording Angel's tally sheet. Take again, Light, necessary to life, and which works wonders among us. Take the X-ray and no longer do solid substances seem so, when we perceive how readily it passes through them. So nothing opposes an impenetrable barrier to the unseen Spirit and the all-seeing Eye. With us always even to the end; when that that is of the earth, earthy, goeth to corruption, and that that is of the Spirit, liveth unto life everlasting. If matter is indestructible except as to form; how about Spirit? the moving, controlling force within us.

ALASKA AND ITS RESOURCES

Essay and Address delivered at the Commencement of the
Central High School of Philadelphia, June 25, 1885.

History informs us, that in the year 1867, the government of the United States purchased from that of Russia, all the territory now known as Alaska for the sum of \$7,200,000 in gold. Thus did that vast tract, nearly 600,000 square miles in area, extending from latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$ North to the Glacial Ocean, and from the 131st to the 172d meridian of West Longitude pass quietly and peacefully over to our government. Like all other great steps of governmental policy, this one failed not at the time, to have its full share of public comment. Severe and sarcastic were the criticisms of the press. Secretary Seward was accused of wastefulness and extravagance, and for quite a time the central government stood almost alone in the storm of indignation and reproach. Sumner's magnificent oration in behalf of the purchase fell unheeded on the public ear. The new territory was designated as a vast, barren, sterile wilderness; a rocky, unreclaimable waste, ice-bound, uninhabitable and desolate.

Should you ask what real grounds existed for such general dissatisfaction, I would reply: none. Ignorance was the sole cause of the ferment which

ensued. Alaska had always been regarded, on account of its high northern latitude, as a country perpetually covered with ice and snow, with no vegetation but the lichen, no inhabitant but the Esquimaux. As a country in which the polar bear and seal alone could take delight. Imagination pictured Alaska with lofty glaciers arrayed against the entrance of man; as a land over which the Frost king held supreme sway, so that the mist could not be penetrated by civilized man. Were this the reality there might indeed have been true cause for censure.

But leaving all suppositions and opinions based on mere map knowledge, it will be well to consider Alaska in the true light in which it presents itself to modern science and investigation. In the first place, then, we behold a country rich in deep bays, good harbors, and navigable rivers, with a coast line long enough to reach around the globe. The value of this, the political economist well knows. The historian recognizes its influence upon society. Professor Guyot has remarked, "that deeply indented and well articulated countries, under ordinary circumstances, ever have been and ever will be the abodes of the most highly civilized nations." If this be so, then we should have high hopes for Alaska, which is rich not only in means of outlet, but in many other attractive, natural features. It is not, as many have supposed, a comparatively level country. Mountains and valleys are perhaps found here as frequently as in any other portion

of the world. Deep and almost impenetrable forests add grandeur and sublimity to the landscape. So that, although the ground be not always green or the sky always clear, there is yet something to invite the lover of majestic nature.

Let us now see what the resources are, for a country so highly favored otherwise should surely have something to invite commercial enterprise. We find here, as has already been said, large, almost illimitable, forests. Here may be found the Spruce, the Cedar, the Hemlock and the Pine. We see the value of this, especially when it has been said, "that there is not a beam or a spar needed in land or in naval architecture, but what could be obtained from these same woods." Here then is a part of the country's wealth. But is this all? No! There are other circumstances which render this country of value to us. We find the woods and the waters teeming with animal life. The chief wealth of Alaska, or a considerable portion of it, is in her creatures. It is said that the annual rental of two small islands engaged in the seal fisheries brought the government \$3,000,000 in nine years. The exports of the Russian-American Fur Company amount annually in worth, it is said, to \$6,000,000. Fish are extremely plentiful in Alaskan waters. The eastern portion of Behring Sea, bordering upon Alaska, has been called a vast reservoir of cod, and facts seem to show that this is the case. The rivers abound with salmon of good size and quality; while another creature, the sperm whale,

visits the coast. In 1867, the annual catch of twenty-seven American vessels employed in the coast fisheries amounted to a hundred tons; placing the cost of the outfit and labor at \$3000 and the price paid per pound for fish at 9½ cents, we can easily calculate the gain.

Another source of wealth must not be omitted; the land is quite rich in minerals. Gold, copper, iron, gypsum and marble are found. Iron is particularly abundant. Mountains are found here the very dust of which adheres to the magnet. Here, also, we find, in large quantities, the best bituminous coal on the Pacific slope. Petroleum floats upon the surface of the lakes. With all these things to attract capital, may we not look forward to the day which shall see Alaska a manufacturing state, taking a prominent position in the affairs of the West.

Is the country, as some have supposed, too cold for habitation! Of course, extending through so many degrees of latitude, we must naturally expect to find great differences of temperature. The northern part of Alaska, it is true, is intensely cold. In the central portion, after a long winter, comes a short and often very warm summer. The entire southern portion however, bordering upon the coast, enjoys a comparatively mild climate. The mean annual temperature of the winter being about equal to that of Kentucky. The climate, in general, is much modified by the influence of a warm current similar to our Gulf Stream. This current sweeps

from the warm islands of Asia to the northwestern coast of America, and so much mitigates what would otherwise be Arctic severity, that even a luxuriant vegetation is rendered possible. Potatoes, cabbage and cauliflower flourish. Till the soil and it will pay the labor. Yet this is the territory at which people scoffed, at whose prospects we sneered. As time rolls on, and its development proceeds, the American people may yet be forced to acknowledge this as one of the richest and most profitable of their possessions.

An oration delivered at a meeting of the Massapequa Club of the 21st Assembly District of New York, during the World War, on,

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends, Citizens, Neighbors and Voters:

It seems superfluous for me to mention that we gladly welcome you, one and all, upon this auspicious occasion; this first, notable, entertainment and reception of the Massapequa Club of the 21st Assembly District of New York.

I am not, in any sense, a governmental official, national, state or city. I am not, even, an officer of the Club, whose hospitality I am here with yourselves to enjoy; and, in addition, it is, perhaps,

doubtful, as to whether I can even class myself as an "honorary" member; and yet, although I speak without the previous stamp and approval of any recognized authority, I have been invited, to-night, by some of my Harlem Democratic friends and party workers, to address you; and, if you will give me but a few minutes of close attention, I will do so, for I have something of a serious, but practical, sort for you to consider.

As a native-born American of our common country, whose father took part in the Civil War for its preservation, it is not at all surprising that I am interested in whatever, vitally, concerns it; its proper development, its aims, its policies, its parties and its alliances; as such, I address you.

As one who has been, also, in times past, admittedly, an independent, but who is, to-day, a registered voter of the Democratic party, I address you.

Our beloved country did not accomplish its independence under George Washington and his associates, but through sanguinary strife and much turmoil. Nevertheless, our forefathers laid a sure foundation for our present and future greatness as a nation, when they builded upon our glorious Declaration of Independence and our United States Constitution. The first reciting the wrongs endured, and the demand that we should be free and independent states; and the second (our liberty accomplished), prescribing, as expressed in the preamble, such limitations upon government, that it should always have before it the definite object and

intent of the founders: "That, we, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of liberty, which we already enjoy; do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

To-night, let us consider, briefly, whether the conditions and ends, as purposed, by those who framed our Constitution, have been fully met.

Do we have to-day a "more perfect union"? In some respects, yes; but, in relation to our militia; to marriage and divorce; to the adequate punishment of Crime; to the problems of Taxation, of Transportation, of Labor, of Suffrage, etc., could we not have more uniformity, on the part of our State Legislatures.

Do we have to-day "justice established"? We have courts of law, 'tis true; and they are many and various. But, as to Justice—I have my doubts. One has only to read a recent novel by Mr. Trevor T. Hill, entitled, "The Thirteenth Juror," to be convinced that our system of justice, almost chaotic, still requires more of truth, honor and manly principle.

"Justice." I have been a lawyer, in active practice, and I have had many opportunities of studying—not justice, but its counterfeit—misapplied law. Never, in my opinion, will we have true justice until every citizen that, blamelessly, suffers

wrong, under pretext, form or force of Law, be duly compensated by the government, National, State, or City, for the injury sustained. Nay; to such a point would I carry this demand, that I would insist on a public testimonial, all costs paid, and a substantial monetary reward from the Nation, State or City, as well, to the brave, patriotic citizen, who has had the courage and the grit to fight for his civil rights in courts of law; until an unconstitutional law, or obnoxious ordinance, is judicially declared to be such, or incontinently rescinded. I would put a premium on civic virtue, and the stamp of disapproval upon the dishonest or incompetent legislator.

We should have not only Public Prosecutors, but Public Defenders, Public Administrators and Public Lawyers, paid by the State, to give free advice and assistance to the poor, just as your Board of Health Doctor, or Hospital Physician, gives his services to the sick. It was one of the Barons' demands upon King John, in ancient days, in the days of Magna Charta, that the sovereign people should not have to buy "justice." To-day, the costs of law are prohibitive.

Again; are you satisfied with the measure of "domestic tranquillity" which we enjoy? How many bomb outrages? How many murders, suicides, preventable fires, accidents, strikes and strike outrages have we had recently?

Where, again, either under the Civil Service or elsewhere, does the honest man get a chance, where

ability of the proper sort is considered, as the prime requisite? Are all our many agencies of health, or social welfare, of education, of law, of religion, of government, of charitable enterprise, tending to achieve the most beneficial, tangible results? Or, are the poor, the aged, the infirm, the unfortunate, treated too often with selfish indifference or deliberately ignored?

I wish I could say more for our community; but I doubt if it functions aright; for I have learned through hard and bitter experience and "*Usus Magister optimus est.*" (Experience is the best teacher.) We are noted abroad for our bluster, and we are noted at home for our "bluff." We are good fellows, when it comes to putting one over, on the other fellow. We do "jolly" all right, and, where there is wealth back of it, we admire "cant" and bow to "hypocrisy"; but to all this there is generally a come-back.

Again, I say, Are you satisfied with our past or present provision for the "common defense"? If you feel amply secure with what is occurring in Europe, as an object lesson before us, I will have nothing more to say on this subject. If you do not, then I would say, by all means, let us bestir ourselves; get ships, get guns, get ammunition, get men, get every requisite necessary, and let us democratize the West Point and Annapolis idea, by having a military academy; yea, and a naval academy, wherever possible; of the like standing

and basis, and no whit inferior in any respect, in each and every State.

Let our boys, on reaching a certain school age, come under military instruction, and our girls, too if necessary, that they may learn the art and science of war, and how to shoot straight, while enjoying the blessings of peace.

And now, in conclusion. Our Constitution was designed "to promote the general welfare," and through representative government; through our guaranteed rights of life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness—through our right to the free exercise of religious worship; through our freedom of speech and of the press—let us bestir ourselves to accomplish this great mission, which has of late been so badly neglected.

It behooves us, as citizens of our Grand Republic; as well wishers and supporters of Truth, Honor, Law, Respectability and Justice; as lovers of our common country, for which already so many sacrifices of life have been made; that we, inheritors of a glorious Past, of noblest ideals; should put down the greed, the graft, the public looting, the wholesale swindling, that is on every hand, preparing our Native Land for a fate like that of Ancient Rome—an Empire that fell, not from the efforts of the foe without, but on account of the canker, the corruption within.

But, you may ask, How can we do it?

I will tell you. You may do it through an organization of the right sort. Be good citizens,

first, and "party" men, second. Do not, however, expect to succeed alone. Get together. If you are a Republican, a Socialist or a Prohibitionist, be ready, at all times, to join with your party, in upholding the principles that honestly appeal to you as a member of that party. If you are a Democrat,—and I hope, on this occasion, we are mostly, staunchly, such, and such by a sure conviction, that we have at this juncture a most sacred mission;—to promote forthwith the public welfare, I would ask you, each and all, to take hold of the party machinery. Do not rest content with being merely a cog on the wheel. Get up and be busy. Make your influence felt. Join some good, enterprising, pushing Democratic organization, such as the Massapequa Club, and then—go to work in earnest.

Many of you are quite young men, to-day. Ready for life's battles; eager for the political fray. Many of the old—the aged—have had their day and are entitled to rest on their laurels; but it is not so with you.

Now is the Great Day. Your Country needs you. Enlist, to-day, against the common foe of all civilizations that have ever existed. Drive out of office the demagogue, the incompetent, the grafter, the salary grabber and booster, the bribe-giver and the bribe-taker. Let us do away with the corrupt boss and the "slush" fund. Let us purify, not only our political, but our industrial and social life, as well. For, if you do not, the magnitude of the

swindling, public and private, that is going on to-day, throughout the nation, with its, all too few, elements, that stand for public and private honor, honesty and decency—disorganized or disunited—will surely lead eventually to some cataclysmal result, that will cause the downfall of our American, democratic institutions, and, perhaps, the loss of our Civil Liberty, throughout the nation.

Young men of Harlem—Democrats—the Massapequa Club desires you to unite with it, in a common cause. A good, convenient, club room awaits you. Mr. George Schaeffer, the affable president, who has been a candidate for district leader and, lately, for alderman, and who understands as a business man, the local needs of the neighborhood, and whose sympathetic disposition and ever ready willingness to oblige a friend, an acquaintance or neighbor, has procured for him the respect of all, and endeared him, in our regard, as one qualified for future leadership or other high office; waits to give you the welcoming hand of good fellowship. All the other officers are, likewise, men of estimable character, whom you would find it a pleasure to know, if you have not already made their acquaintance. "Why stand ye here idle."

And now a parting word to the Ladies: Even if you lack the vote, as yet, you can surely make your influence felt in behalf of Democratic ideals. Boost the Massapequa Club and its president, Mr. Schaffer. I will close with a few lines from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real. Life is earnest—
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou are, to dust returnest
Was not spoken by the Soul.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving; still pursuing;
Learn to labor and to wait.

BRITISH WOMEN AND THE WORLD WAR

Letter to the *London Times*, written in 1915, prior to the entry of the United States into the War.

Editor of The London Times:

DEAR SIR.—At a time when all the vital energies and agencies of the British Empire—military, naval, commercial, industrial, financial, scientific, educational, spiritual and economic—are involved and taxed to the utmost, in conjunction with those of her trusted allies, in a titanic, merciless, wearisome, long-enduring struggle, to put an end forever, through the harsh arbitrament of a sanguinary, necessary war, to the unjust ambitions and aspirations of a powerful European State; such as Austro-Hungary, and, to the armed, insolent pretensions and aggressions of a still more forceful

German, military machine, with its tyrannical programme of World conquest—it is but, eminently, fitting, that each and every idea or suggestion that may emanate—no matter how novel or whence the source, and have a value, as tending to the successful prosecution of this war, or to the upbuilding of the general prosperity of the nation in the future—should be adequately, carefully, and, with a freedom from all past prejudices and predilections, fully considered.

I am an American by birth, but I am of British ancestry, and proud of it; and by reason of this fact I am going to offer what may prove a helpful suggestion, not only as providing a new, determining factor in the alignment of useful forces, but, also, one of such a character as to provide more certainly for a diminution of economic pressure on home finances, when this sorry struggle is over.

Has any one clearly considered, that there are multitudes of single women—young, brave, highly-spirited, hardy, athletic, adventurous, reckless of danger, sportsmanlike, good shots (mounted or afoot)—who, if brigaded together or in separate companies, would be, if permitted, only too ready to respond to a call to arms.

They would don the uniform of their country; trousers, boots, and all, even; as more seemly for the trench work in hand, and thus clad, after preliminary drill and training, well-officered, well-equipped, would gladly fight for, or, if need be, die

for their country, in company with their brothers in arms.

And all this is nothing more than what many of the suffragette leaders claim as but a part of the Woman Suffrage plan for the future; to secure this right; if women ever obtain the franchise.

And why, may I ask, should not their services in an emergency like this be accepted? Will it make any difference to a German, if he is riddled by a rifle or machine gun in the hands of a man or a woman. Women in athletics, in this country, the United States, bid fair to overtake the men's field records. Only recently, at the University of Indiana, a young woman student athlete vaulted with the pole 6 ft. 1 in., beating the best previous woman's record by five inches.

Now, as to another, the economic side of this question. Consider our Civil War of 1861 in the United States; and, what the U. S. Government is and has been annually paying out for pensions as a result of that war; not only to the men who fought in it, but to their wives and children; and can it reasonably be contended, that any measure, which, in the beginning, would have rendered less considerable this annual expense, should not have been resorted to. Perhaps prejudice played a part then, but it should not be allowed to do so to-day. Therefore, I say, give every eligible single man or woman, properly qualified physically, a chance to enlist; but bar out all married men and women, as tending, otherwise, to make Britain's burden of

the future, with its responsibilities for child welfare, the aged, or the maintenance of marital ties—too crushing for the State.

We are not living as in the days of old; as in the time of Joan of Arc; when heavy armor was necessary, and men fought with heavy lance, sword or battle-axe. No longer, either, as even some fifty years ago, are heavy muskets required. Modern rifles of deadly mechanism are light and easily handled; and, as to equipment, who is there that has studied the stalwart woman equestrienne, swimmer or mountain-climber in action, that would not, at once, assign her the full status and uniform of the male.

Give the young, single woman a chance, Mr. Asquith, to fight for her native land, her home, her country; even, if, so far, they have been denied a greater measure of civil liberty—the right to vote.

Yours truly,

W. WALKER HANNA, A.M., Esq.

N. B.—Since the War, women in Great Britain, as well as in the United States, have been granted the right of suffrage, the right to serve on juries, and to hold office.

THE AUTHOR.

WOULD WE SURRENDER?

It was a momentous question. Boston had fallen and now, at last, New York City, with its boundless wealth centered therein or controlled therefrom, lay helplessly bound within the insatiable grasp of the unopposable, inappeasable, relentless, dread invader. Every face was blanched with fear. Every heart palpitated with alarm from the nervous tension. Quivering eyes and faltering tongues with dire forebodings challenged an answer. The stoutest minds and the strongest arms, alike stood aghast at what had befallen. Paralyzed, seemingly, with the extent of the national misfortune and the hardships of the well-nigh hopeless situation. Anxiety was everywhere.

With no available means for a further armed resistance, Genius was powerless and hung her head. The United States of America, with her navies destroyed and her armies defeated had fallen. Her boasted republican form of government had proven unequal to the burdens and to the tasks, so suddenly, thrust upon it.

The nations of the world friendly to American ideals would have supplied arms and ammunition, with means to prolong the struggle, perhaps; but they also were awed, too much so, by the dire features of the catastrophe. The national credit was hopelessly ruined. The enemy's flag was everywhere—the American flag had almost disappeared.

Suddenly, as if an electric spark had illuminated the atmosphere, came the rumor, a whisper here, a word there, yet sufficient to restore some slight degree of public confidence. "Washington is engaged upon a serious consideration of the problem. The President of the United States, at last, has acted and has hastily called Congress together, in opposition to the wishes of his Secretary of State, a pork-barrel statesman; who has resigned in order to make way for the people's fearless champion of Non-Resistance and International Peace, Wm. J. Butter; who, by his matchless oratory, although in opposition to his party, hitherto, has usually, to some degree, dominated its councils."

"Said I not," remarked an old and armless veteran, "that if he had been heard in the beginning this would not have happened. What is the use of War anyway? Behold the Chinese, who submitted to Japan to avoid conquest, are to-day a happy, prosperous, contented people."

"Good government may be obtained just as well under a foreign power, as through our own efforts. What's in a name anyway? Why is it not just as good to be called a European, for instance, as an American, if your individual freedom and happiness are guaranteed? The Irish, years ago, fought for an Irish Republic and, see what happened; they were absolutely exterminated."

That night at 10 o'clock, the news was in all the extra editions of the evening papers. Washington

had secured the assent of the foe's Field Marshal to a truce, in order to tender proposals for a cessation of hostilities. Meanwhile, from the enemy's capital, by wireless came positive insistence on an immediate accession to the foe's demands; which involved the payment of \$3,000,000,000 War indemnity, and the instant surrender of all territory east of the Mississippi, as a guarantee for payment. The Atlantic sea-board, however, and the Gulf coast to the mouth of the Mississippi to be permanently relinquished, the boundary inland to follow the coast at a distance of some 800 miles therefrom. The enemy being thus resolved upon reaping the full rewards of his victory.

Harsh were the terms, but "unto the victors belong the spoils." At midnight, one of the most sensational newspapers had secured definite information that the Hon. Wm. J. Butter, the new Secretary of State, had prevailed upon the President to sign, with the assent of the Senate, in the presence of the enemy's Field Marshal, a treaty of Peace, recognizing the demand for the indemnity sought, and accepting, furthermore, all other conditions. In return, the foe expressly agreed to permit the United States to be again recognized, thereafter, as a Hague signatory, and made a solemn declaration that she would not oppose the International Peace Propaganda, as fathered by Hon. Wm. J. Butter and others; providing it was not extended or applied to her territories, or to possessions subject to her rule.

Unnecessary, is it, to describe the mingled emotions when the intelligence was received. Crowds, where permitted by the authorities, soon gathered around the bulletin boards, or discussed together in separate groups the conclusion of the struggle. In some sections of the country, particularly within the limits of the region awarded to the enemy; riots of some violence broke out.

Many of the native-born citizens, allied with such patriotic Societies as the Sons of the Revolution, Sons of Veterans, etc., by their fiery, fervid speeches denouncing the treaty, created such an atmosphere of sedition that the remaining meagre, military force, the police and even detachments of the enemy's troops, were called upon to put the insurrection down. Mercilessly and expeditiously this was done and the revolt, at the cost of considerable blood-shed, suppressed.

Thus the Hon. Butter's policy was carried out, to the joking taunts of the enemy and his allusions to the finish of the "blue bloods."

Peace, at last was won and immediately there upon the capital of the Nation was removed from Washington, D. C. to Denver, Colorado; where Congress was notified to meet in a month and all necessary measures to prevent further disorders and to promote the changes necessary to bring about tranquillity, were by the assistance of the enemy, undertaken. To pay the large indemnity proposed the President by the advice of his Cabinet, and with the support of the leading Senators, suggested

an increase in the income tax to 50 per cent. or more; and also, that the laws be amended so as to allow for a thorough governmental reorganization—An adequate Army and Navy program with a plan for universal military conscription and military training for the young. The Enemy meanwhile having found a place in the Sun was now the model and the marvel of the World and the World's statesmen. Of all but one, the President's last suggestions did not meet the indorsement and approval of his new Secretary of State, and the Hon. Wm. J. Butter forthwith resigned. As an ardent, "Peace at any price" advocate, who had negotiated the recent humiliating treaty, his place was now elsewhere—to become upon the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Republic, the candidate for President of the Party of Non-Resistance, which is eagerly awaiting the millennium.

THE GREAT WAR OF 1914 A.D. AND ITS CAUSES

Written largely during the course thereof. Originally, as an address for the New York Bar Association.

I. *Germany.*

To begin with, there was a certain amount of suspicion and distrust in Germany, that, ever increasing, had continued since she had humbled her proud adversary, France, in 1870 and 1871, by depriving her of Alsace-Lorraine and imposing an enormous war tribute or indemnity of 1,000,000,000 francs upon her.

It would be only natural and reasonable, thought the calculating German mind, to expect a further conflict in retaliation, if France ever became strong enough, either alone or in combination with some other power or powers, to enter upon an armed contest; hence, German policies were enlisted against such an occurrence.

Germany had been much enriched and had greatly benefited by the war of 1870; which, while it finished imperialism and monarchy in France, had left that country again a Republic, although a stronger, a more virile one, and more democratic than ever; a condition which Bismarck had neither foreseen, bargained for, nor desired, as an outcome thereof. However, the one greatest, most impor-

tant result of the war—important to Germany—was the consolidation into one great empire, under the Hohenzollern, Prussian dynasty of William the First, of the hitherto confederated, independent German States; exclusive, of course, of such as still owed allegiance to Francis Joseph and the Austro-Hungarian Empire of the Hapsburgs; to the south of them. And, from an obvious identity of interests, lingual, racial, commercial, industrial, political, and otherwise, it required no great prophet to predict that, eventually, these two Central European empires would gradually coalesce, harmonize their differences, and seek to unify their forces; at least, in so far as the complex elements of the latter's heterogeneous population, in some of its component parts, would allow of this plan.

German unity and solidarity, having thus been definitely and firmly established, in course of time a formal treaty, offensive and defensive, with Austro-Hungary, further ratified this close relationship. And, ere long, as her interests at that time demanded it, owing to France's expanding colonial growth, along the opposite African coast. Italy, a Latin Power, by speech, affinity, law, antiquity and climate, more nearly related to her Southern neighbor France, or more distant Spain, on the Mediterranean, was admitted, also, to a full-fledged defensive alliance, with the neighboring mighty Teutonic Powers, to the Northward; the three constituting what has since been popularly known as the Triple Alliance.

2. *The Triple Alliance.*

Here, then, were three great powers, stretching from the Baltic and the North Seas to the Adriatic and the Mediterranean Seas, on the South, and, forming a strong barrier, between Russia and the Balkans on the one hand, and Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, etc., on the other.

3. *Serbia.*

Now, come we, to the more direct, immediate causes of the appalling, devastating, fratricidal, relentless conflict. Centuries ago, when the Crescent of Mahomet waved triumphant, in its advance, and threatened to overrun and engulf all of Christian Europe, until its tide was bravely and effectively stemmed, by Charles Martel, the Turks had, among other peoples whom they had conquered in their Western advance upon Vienna and Hungary, possessed themselves of the lands of Serbia, a kingdom to the Southward. The vanquished race, however, under new masters, still retained their own religion and their ancient tongue, and cherished, likewise, their national aspirations and traditions, and, finally, as the Turkish Power became decadent in Europe, the Serb, who is a blood brother of the Russian Slav, after several abortive attempts, at length, about 1878 A.D., succeeded in winning his freedom, and, ultimately, his complete independence.

When I say the Serb, however, I am not, strictly

speaking, correct. The only part of the ancient Serbia that became free was only the contracted part, bearing the name that Turkey had continued to administer as such. Around and about this section were parts of Old Serbia, such as Montenegro, Croatia, Dalmatia, Novi-Bazar, and, more particularly, Bosnia and Herzegovina; parts where the Serbian language was still spoken, where Serbian ideals still prevailed, and where Serbian aspirations still remained, unfulfilled. Peopled, in other words, by those whose aim was to be again united, in one government, with the New Serbia—the Serbia of promise, the Serbia of the Future. As an Irishman is, always, an Irishman, so is a Serbian, a Serbian; and, for a similar reason.

4. *Poland.*

But, as the Turks withdrew, the more Northern and stronger nations and races of Europe not only took their place, but began to eagerly bestir themselves; and an appetite arose, whetted by the division of Poland, which, having first thrown off the Turkish yoke, was herself, somewhat later (over a century ago), seized and torn apart by Russia, Prussia and Austria, who, then again, like wolves of the pack, unappeased, sought anew a chance to divide the booty with the strong.

5. *Turkey, the Sick-man of Europe, and Germany.*

Germany, not bordering on the Sultan's domains, contented herself, eventually, with a policy of co-

lonial expansion, and, although one of the latest powers to do so, soon had under her flag, by the beginning of the 20th Century, large portions of Africa, Australasia, etc., including, in Asia proper, Kiau Chau (in China), being barred from the Americas by the operation of the Monroe Doctrine. She, also, by her great wealth, was able, largely, to secure, from the almost bankrupt Turkey, concession after concession, for railroad and commercial development purposes, the same involving large tracts in Asia Minor, and, to a more limited extent, in European Turkey herself. Which, with the added industrial and commercial rivalry of her people, soon made her a close competitor with Great Britain, the hitherto unchallenged "mistress of the seas," for the foreign trade of the World.

Meanwhile, too, under the present Emperor, William the Second, she commenced, rapidly, to build up her navy, in support of her world-wide dream of expansion. Toasts were openly drank to "Der Tag" (The Day). Heligoland was obtained by barter from England in 1890, through negotiations with the Earl of Salisbury's administration. The Kiel Canal was completed in June of 1914. And William II was enabled to announce, in pompous manner and vainglorious voice, "that the time had come when Germany could command a place in the Sun, and must be listened to, in all the councils of Europe."

6. *Great Britain and France.*

Through their growing commerce and more boastful aggressiveness, coupled with the fact that they had the finest, best equipped army, by conscription, in the world, the Germans grew more insistent and arrogant; while the British, at length, began to be much alarmed, and, some of the incidents, in connection with their war in 1900-1902, with the Boers of South Africa, wherein the German Emperor was concerned, helped, in general, to increase the growing apprehension, suspicion and dislike of the British for the Germans, coupled, as it was, with serious misgivings and uncertainty as to their future peaceful intentions.

If the latter, in connection with the Morocco Question in 1905, or the Agadir incident in 1911 A.D., were meddlesome, there was, at the same time, no disguising further the coexistent natural potential, growing resentment of the English and the French towards German expansion and its methods.

If Germany was overbearing, the others were patiently watchful, fully alert, keenly alive to a dangerous situation and, moreover, resolved, if necessary, to support one another to the utmost. Thoroughly determined that no longer would they be bluffed, as aforetime, by a threat of force, or the "mailed fist" of Germany or her Kaiser. The political atmosphere was rapidly growing more tense.

At the time of the Marchand-Fashoda incident, which led England and France, not to blows, as

was fully expected, and, indeed, hoped for, by Germany, but to amicably compose all their differences, this was clearly indicated.

Germany was so enraged at the diplomatic success of the French Foreign Minister, Delcassé, whose measures in this crisis had so strongly clashed and conflicted with her intents and aims, that she threatened France with war immediately, unless he resigned from the Cabinet. To avoid such a possibility, this noble statesman, an ardent and true patriot, did so. This, however, a national humiliation, was not to occur again. Delcassé, the far-seeing, bided his time, and for the first year of the Great War it was the same Delcassé, in France, who, more than ever, appreciated at his true worth, in such a crisis, became again the wise, politic Minister of Foreign Affairs. Able, with impunity, to flout the Kaiser, in security, did he so desire.

7. *Russia.*

Russia at this time, or, rather, some years earlier, had profited exceedingly by the disintegration of the Turkish Power. She had added to her Black Sea littoral extensive territories, at her Ottoman neighbor's expense; and, as usual, had her eyes on that goal of her ambition, Constantinople, the ancient seat of the Orthodox Greek Faith and the former capital of the Eastern Roman Empire; from whose Cæsars, she claimed, her own Czars had derived the right of succession, upon the fall

of the last Greek emperor, in the fifteenth century. Control, therefore, of the Dardanelles—a priceless boon—she long had sought.

Shut out from these Straits, and the Mediterranean, ever since the senseless Crimean War of 1854-6 A.D. She still, nevertheless, was seeking to obtain good seaports for her people and their growing commerce. Neither on the Arctic Ocean nor on the Baltic did she possess satisfactory harbors. After the disastrous Japanese War of 1904-5, more than ever, was she shut out from the Pacific. She had, at this time, in good faith, however, settled down to the practical consummation of vast schemes of internal administration, made possible through loans of large amounts, obtained from her ally, France. These plans, in part, suggested by the latter, involving, not only military and naval, but agricultural, industrial and commercial improvement and expansion, were bound, in time, to awaken to renewed activity the now, not dormant, suspicions of Germany and Austria, who were well aware of her unceasing, increasing ambition to advance Southward; through Europe and through Asia Minor or Persia, towards the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean.

8. *The Balkans.*

As the smaller Balkan Nations—Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Greece, Albania—were all, more or less, indebted to Russia, for their freedom from the Turk, and as some of them were

not only of the same speech and religion, but of the same Slavic origin, it must be readily admitted, jealousy of the Russian, and his influence in their affairs, deeply existed, and had some warrant in fact. It was frequently charged that the ever-recurring disorders among them were directly traceable to Russian manipulation and intrigue. Russia, upon her part, blamed Austria and her secret agents, and so matters progressed. To-day, it looks as if both complaints were well founded, since both Russia and the Teutonic allies were each aiming to dominate the Southward regions, by neighboring territories and rich waterways.

England had obtained Malta, Cyprus, Egypt, Aden, etc., and operated the Suez Canal. Who would prove her rival? She did not, now, fear Russia; but Germany and Austria did; Russian interests clashed with the Teutonic designs.

9. *Austro-Hungary.*

Austro-Hungary saw her opportunity in 1905 A.D. and annexed Novi-Bazar, thus securing access to Turkey; but Italy protested, and, a new plan occurring, Austria, in 1910, hastily withdrew. In 1908, although in violation of her pledged word and the Treaty of Berlin, the new plan was acted upon, and Austro-Hungary seized the adjoining provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which, although under the joint protection of Europe, nominally belonged to strife-torn Turkey. A revolution having broken out, wherein the old Sultan

had been deposed by the more democratic Young Turks Party, Austro-Hungary, to placate the indignant Ottomans, proposed a money indemnity, and forthwith definitely announced the annexation, which her troops had readily accomplished.

Germany, well pleased at this strategic move, stood up and supported her, against the protest of Serbia, whose territories bordered the annexed districts, and who threatened war in consequence; and, also, as being more desired, against the protest of the other Great Powers of Europe, who, having just settled the terms and conditions of the Algeciras Convention, over Morocco; to avoid a threatened conflict between Germany and France, imminent upon the Kaiser's visit to the crafty Sultan thereof, were in no mood to seek further trouble; and had, therefore, reluctantly to submit, with a bad grace, to this miserable, petty misappropriation of an alien race, who really belonged, nationally, elsewhere, and were thus left to be finally exploited, like another Ireland.

Realizing, at last, how strong an alliance the Triple Alliance was, Russia and France, the one to the East, the other to the West thereof—each of whom feared the aggressiveness of her powerful neighbor—had now barely formed an offensive and defensive alliance, the one with the other; Great Britain, to escape complete isolation as a Continental Power, to preserve a balance, politically, in Europe, as well as to conserve her own aims and purposes, entered into separate treaties,

of amity, friendship, and, for the protection of common or mutual interests, with France, and also with Russia. She had, previously, by a wise treaty with Japan, relative to Asiatic affairs and her possessions there, fully safeguarded her interests in the East. All this, of course, caused great umbrage in Berlin and in Vienna, and there were loud criticisms, directed principally against perfidious Albion, and hints that her Irish problem of Home Rule should secure a better share of her attention. To bring this about, it is even charged that the rifles and ammunition, shipped to the Ulsterites and Nationalists, the two contending factions in Ireland, were shipped in contravention of law from Germany.

This may have been but a rumor, but it evinced the popular belief, that there existed a disposition to promote discord.

10. *The Triple Entente.*

This second combination of great European powers now began to be known as the Triple Entente and was, naturally, viewed by Germany with ever-increasing apprehension and disfavor, as constituting a menace to the Triple Alliance and its objects. Not to be taken by surprise, while all was peaceful on the surface and the different Chancelleries of Europe were assuring one another of their mutual esteem, Germany, as the head of the Triple Alliance, feverishly redoubled her efforts to improve the admirable efficiency of her large army,

lay up surplus stores, and increase rapidly the fighting units of her navy. More than the Krupps were kept busy. While Great Britain, through her lack of conscription and unpreparedness, and France, awed by the military preponderance of her more warlike neighbor, sought a world-wide peace, through the medium of a Conference or Diplomacy, the stage was really being laid for the greatest tragedy and catastrophe in the World's history. The point of ebullition had been reached.

II. *Direct Cause of War.*

This brings us to the beginning of the conflagration and the immediate Cause of the Great War of 1914.

We have seen how Bosnia and Herzegovina, ancient Serbian provinces, were surreptitiously acquired by Austro-Hungary, right under the very nose of Serbia, and in defiance of Europe, whose joint protests were ignored.

Following the Turco-Italian War of 1911-12, which yielded Tripoli to Italy and restored her good will towards France, followed the two Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913 A.D. The first, between the Balkan States and Turkey; the second between Bulgaria and her quondam friends and foe. The first, a remarkable individual achievement; the second, fomented and inspired by Austria, who, by her diplomacy in insisting upon an autonomous Albania, had restricted Serbia, had

reduced her gains from the first war, and had barred her from the sea.

By this second war, she had confidently expected Bulgaria, whom she had secretly instigated previously to withhold any offer of compensating territory to the brave little nation, would vanquish, conquer and greatly weaken the Serbians and leave the people an easy prey to Austrian methods of aggrandizement. But, vain the hope, the New Serbia proved equal to the occasion; outwitted the diplomacy of Austria, by securing, through Russian support; first the active aid of Montenegro and Greece, and, subsequently, that of Roumania, through which she was enabled to baffle, thrash and humiliate her proud enemy, and emerge a Greater Serbia than ever. No wonder, as rumor had it, Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria was no longer welcome at Vienna. The tool had failed at the critical moment.

After the Balkan Wars, which in 1912-13 had resulted in material extensions of the Balkan kingdoms, Serbia desired, as we have indicated, an outlet to the sea, either through Albania, to the Adriatic; or, Southward, to the Ægean. Defeated in her justifiable ambition, by the Powers of Europe, who, at the instance of Austria and Germany, were led to create the German Prince of Weid, ruler of an autonomous Albania. Serbia stifled her resentment, and even while this puppet Prince of a neighboring, newly created Principality was demonstrating daily his incapacity, remained quiescent. And well she knew the danger she was in, other-

wise. Did disorder occur, on the other side of her boundary, over in the new Mpret's domains; trace any irresponsible clue to Serbia, and Austrian secret agents were at all times ready to carry the news of interference to Vienna, that a new "casus belli" might be found. Again and again it was charged she was at work, or the Montenegrins; but, investigation proved that the various local insurrections in Albania were invariably due to petty jealousies between rival chiefs, or differences between the Mahometans and Christians.

This arrogance of Austria, in compelling the little kingdom to remain isolated from the World, was soon to lead to further trouble. Believing, from surface indications, that the time was about ripe for another march Southward, or, perhaps, in preparation for an annexation of the neighboring Adriatic-bordering Albania, herself; when Italian scruples and opposition could be met. Austria determined upon vast military manœuvres to take place in the summer of 1914, in the recently annexed Slavic provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Serbia, ever awake, through her minister at Vienna, made formal protest that there was danger in such a course, as with the Crown Prince of Austro-Hungary present in person, some fanatical irreconcilables might seize upon the opportunity, in the unsettled condition of public affairs, to make attempts upon his life. The protest was politic, the advice sound and the warning opportune. The Minister's representations were coldly ignored.

The Crown Prince of Austro-Hungary, with his wife, went down to Sarajevo to witness the review, and participate in the military exercises, and, while there, the prediction was fulfilled, for both he and his wife were assassinated by a young Serb of 19, Prinzip by name, a native of the annexed provinces. Austria, a month later, blamed this desperate act on Serbian agitators in Belgrade, the Serbian Capital, and, while absolute proof is apparently lacking on the part of Austria that such was the case, it must be conceded that the Arch-Duke, being a sworn enemy of the Serbian Kingdom, the successful act was, no doubt, openly applauded, even in high circles, at her capital.

Be that as it may, the Serbian Kingdom found itself charged with having instigated the assassination and with complicity in shielding the perpetrators, it being represented that the young assassin, who, himself, took all the blame, was but the tool of other more powerful personages. This Serbia vehemently denied, but yielding, at length, to the threats and insistence of Austria, agreed to practically all the terms of an ultimatum (which was later presented), except that of having Austrian Judges sit in her territory to try the accused, who were yet to be found and produced. She agreed, if necessary, to refer this, and other matters in dispute, to the Hague. This was refused. The "Hour" for Austria had struck.

Russia, appealed to by Serbia, came promptly to her aid. Germany backed up Austria, who long

had desired Serbia or Serbian control, and the War being declared, soon saw France, simple, trusting, hopeful France, invaded by Germany from neutral Belgium. A sad mistake, a bad blunder for Berlin, this violation of Belgium's neutrality, to attack the French; for, divisions in the English Cabinet, over the meditated step, at once ceased, and, having dispatched her ultimatum to Germany in reference thereto, Great Britain, at its expiration, entered the war. The Teuton may justify his country, on the ground of "military necessity," but can he truly uphold a morality that stigmatizes solemn treaties with small states, such as Luxembourg or Belgium, as mere "scraps of paper."

12. *Efforts for Peace.*

It is to the credit of France that, supported by England, before hostilities commenced, on the part of Germany, she suggested either a conference or arbitration between Russia and Austria, to discuss the status of Serbia, and the extent to which a compliance should be had by her, with the Austrian ultimatum. Russia agreed. Austria refused; deeming Serbia too small to merit so much consideration. Having entered Serbia, she declared it was her own affair, and that she would chastise Serbia before she would withdraw her troops. Russia, thereupon, mobilized her forces along the Austrian frontier, thus threatening that country; and, also, to a certain extent, strengthened her gar-

risons along the German border. This course evoked a strong protest from Germany.

France, whose treaty with Russia reciprocally bound each, so that in the event of either being attacked by any two of the Great Powers of Europe, the other was obliged to lend her aid, to prevent friction and avoid any conflict which might arise from premature or accidental hostilities, withdrew her troops from the German frontier a considerable distance. Increasing, meanwhile, her diplomatic efforts to effect a pacific solution, she discountenanced a rupture, as being unnecessary.

Great Britain and France, being now joined by Italy, again suggested arbitration or a conference of the European Powers; but could not move Austria, who, perhaps, had been secretly advised by her ally to remain firm. Berlin, being appealed to, to use all its influence in behalf of peace with Vienna, that the proposal be accepted, positively refused to do so; advising, instead, that France should seek to have Russia withdraw her assurance of aid to Serbia. France replied, that she could not see why she should endeavor to persuade her friend, Russia, while Germany, with indifference, would neither attempt to persuade or dissuade her close neighbor Austria.

England now succeeded in obtaining the concurrence of Russia and France in a new scheme of arbitration, or conference; but, meanwhile, Germany threatened Russia with war, unless she immediately disbanded her troops and demobilized

her army. There being no compliance with this rude menace, the formal declaration of hostilities issued, and the German army corps were soon in motion, armed, equipped and ready for their Kaiser's further orders.

13. *Belgium.*

Belgium, since 1838, a neutral kingdom, an independent State, lying between Germany and France, in the same manner as the independent Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, in alarm, besought both prospective belligerents to know whether her neutrality would be respected in the event of hostilities between them. France, immediately, gave notice she would do so. Germany, however, returned the evasive answer, it would depend upon military exigencies. And, so it happened, that Belgium, in the beginning of August, 1914, found herself invaded from Germany, and again, as at Waterloo, in 1815, the battleground of nations. Luxemburg, entered at the same time, was able to make but a feeble protest against the violation, for which a pecuniary recompense was promised. Not so, Belgium; she refused to be bribed; she scorned all threats, and notified the invader she would resist all efforts to use her territory in an invasion of her neighbor, France.

Notifying the French that she was beset by Germany, she also besought aid of England, who had, in common with Russia, Austria, Prussia and France, not only guaranteed her neutrality, but

also, by a separate instrument made with France, to win over French assent, to the original creation of an independent Belgium, in 1838, pledged her as a neutral State. France, in consternation, immediately prepared for a mobilization of her army, and notified England of the Belgian communication. England, her indignation aroused, sent forth with her ultimatum to Germany, who had meanwhile declared war upon Russia and France; as Austria, a week later, likewise did upon Russia, and Russia upon Austria. This ultimatum was to the effect, that unless the invading troops were withdrawn from Belgium in 24 hours, the Germanic Empire might consider herself as at war with Great Britain, also. Germany did not remove her forces, but, instead, sought to justify her action and behavior, under the plea of "military necessity"; while, at the same time, expressing "regret" for the "consequent violation of treaty and law"; whereupon England, refusing all discussion of other concessions, immediately dispatched all her available forces to the aid of Belgium and France.

The time for the advance Southward to the Mediterranean seemed at hand and propitious. Later, German agents won over the Sultan, and without any previous declaration, the Turks attacked Russia and joined the Teutonic allies. Of course, Russia's example in proclaiming war with Turkey, was followed immediately by her allies, who dispatched, first, naval and, later, land forces, to capture the Dardanelles.

14. *Italy.*

Italy, declaring the conditions of the Triple Alliance, implying a defensive coalition, had not been strictly fulfilled by Austria, chose at first to remain neutral; but later, owing to the failure of Austria to give satisfactory assurance of territorial compensation, by restoring to her the Italian-speaking adjoining territories of the Trentino and Trieste—long an Italian desire and demand—joined the Triple Entente.

15. *Japan.*

Japan, faithful to her treaty with Great Britain, has since fulfilled her part by taking Kiau Chau, in China, and certain Pacific possessions, from Germany, and the stupendous struggle goes on. We who are Americans can only hope it may not involve us, more directly, while, we pray, that the outcome may be well worth the cost.

ADDENDA

(October, 1915)

16. *Bulgaria.*

With the beginning of October, 1915, it became apparent to the Triple Entente and their allies, that one of the uneasy, restless Balkan powers—Bulgaria—the one, which in the last Balkan War had been so soundly thrashed by Serbia and Greece, assisted actively therein by Roumania, was, through her ruler, Czar Ferdinand, a Coburg Prince, entertaining certain propositions from Teutonic sources, relative to territorial compensation, at the expense of Serbia, in return for an active military alignment with the Central or Germanic Allies and Turkey, against their common enemies, including Serbia.

To counteract this influence, the opposite side offered, with the consent of Serbia, then threatened with another invasion by an Austro-German army from the North, to yield the territories which before the Great War commenced, had been the bone of contention between Bulgaria and this latter State, which had seized them from Turkey, on the

successful termination of the War of the Balkan Allies with that country; and, in disregard of Bulgarian claims thereto, had held them, notwithstanding the war with Bulgaria, for their possession, which followed.

Meanwhile, however, the Turks, ceding, by treaty, valuable additional territory to Bulgaria, had earned her friendship, sympathy and good-will. While from Germany came the funds, millions of dollars, which were being used in Bulgaria to finance her treasury obligations, Germanic and Turkish influences thus, gradually, became paramount. And with German army officers, as was alleged, in command of large units, Bulgaria ordered a mobilization of her army, while still proclaiming her neutrality. Russia, at this point, served Bulgaria with an ultimatum, to dismiss all the German army officers from their commands, expel them from the country, and to furthermore demobilize her army within twenty-four hours; or, failing so to do, consider herself as at war with Russia herself and her allies. The offer, which had been made previously, of Macedonia and certain territory at Serbia's expense, was likewise now withdrawn. Bulgaria, thus forced to an immediate decision, immediately invaded Serbia. This step being followed by declarations of war by Russia, by Serbia and her allies against Bulgaria; Bulgaria replying thereto in similar manner, and thus, in brief, the last link, to connect Berlin and Vienna

with Constantinople, was added to the Turco-Germanic chain.

Will the conflagration spread? Greece, bound by an offensive and defensive treaty to assist Serbia, in the event of any attack by Bulgaria on the latter, now claims that this related to Balkan affairs only, and not to a condition unforeseen, wherein Bulgaria is associated with three of the great powers of Europe. Although, in sympathy, with the allies of the Triple Entente, who have, in the crisis, used her seaport, Salonika, against her protest, to succor Serbia, attacked now in force from the East; she and her king, who is married to the German Kaiser's sister, prefer peace, if possible, and neutrality.

Roumania, in sympathy with Serbia, with Russia, France and Italy, has, since the taking of Warsaw from Russia, by the Austro-Germanic armies, evinced no great disposition to take part, as an active belligerent; although with Bulgaria in arms, and her own army, long since mobilized, her co-operation will, no doubt, be sought for eagerly by these great powers.

Who knows what power will be the next involved, or where or when this unparalleled, destructive, Great War of 1914 will end. Let us all hope and work for Peace, who yet enjoy its blessings.

(March, 1916)

17. *Portugal.*

Bound by a previous treaty with Great Britain to furnish 10,000 of her troops, when called upon to do so, the Republic of Portugal, in the beginning of March, 1916, seized for governmental use the thirty-five German vessels interned in her harbors, claiming that a lack of shipping facilities made this course necessary, although there is some reason for believing this step was advised by her ally. Germany's protest not being heeded at Lisbon, on March 8 that Power declared war on Portugal, and further hostilities are imminent. At the present time, owing to our diplomatic protests to the Teutonic Powers over the non-observance of neutral rights, it is claimed German intrigue is at work to bring about war between the United States and Mexico. One thing is true, an American army is again in Mexico, and so far advanced into its unwelcome interior, that, not as at Vera Cruz, previously, would it be possible to lend it the effective support of a strong fleet. If, at the command of the recognized authorities of revolutionary Mexico, the American troops be withdrawn, without having accomplished their mission of ending the bandit career of the noted Villa; who raided United States territory and killed a number of citizens, the United States Government will again, as after the Vera Cruz imbroglio, become the laughing stock of the

world. There is heard much talk of military preparedness, and of increasing the army and navy. All sorts of schemes are being suggested, but, like China and the Chinese, the people generally seem apathetic, and for Peace at any price; for which they have a good mouthpiece in their former Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan. Where are we at?

(October, 1916)

18. *Rumania.*

Italy, for some time at war with the Austro-Hungarian Empire, having at length (August 27, 1916), as was almost inevitable, after her alliance with the Triple Entente, declared war on Germany; Rumania, a nation of kindred race, speech and aspirations, after having long maintained an attitude of rather benevolent neutrality towards the latter and her allies; now threw off the mask, and upon the same day, with the intention of adding to her domain the adjoining Rumanian population of Transylvania and with the promise, perhaps, of certain contiguous Rumanian-speaking Russian districts as well, suddenly declared war on Austro-Hungary and invaded the coveted province. Germany, in consternation, angered by this step against her chosen ally, having only herself just received the declaration of Italy, immediately, on August 29, 1916, declared war against this fresh belligerent,

and realizing, that in conjunction with the advancing Russian armies, this new foe would prove a formidable antagonist, with the ready assistance of imperilled Austro-Hungary and threatened Bulgaria, at once prepared for an active campaign and a new alignment of her extended battle line.

Thus we have new fuel added to the flame, but this is not all.

19. *Greece.*

Preferring neutrality to the risk of combat, Greece, with the troops of the Entente allies, already landed from the Dardanelles upon her soil at Salonika for a contemplated invasion of Bulgaria and restoration of Serbia, had reached an agreement with the Bulgars that her territories and, particularly, her seaport of Kavala, should be respected as neutral. Notwithstanding this, as the possession of the latter was deemed necessary by Germany to insure her ally against the increasing military preparations; the Greek army corps which held the place, some 25,000 men, were prevailed upon to surrender the place to the Bulgarians and to accept of internment in Germany.

When the news of this became public, throughout Greece there were hostile demonstrations and as already, in conformity to her policy of benevolent neutrality towards the Triple Entente, there being no other course open to her; her armies had been, except for defensive purposes, demobilized, all German propagandists or agents arrested or deported;

her postal and telegraph facilities taken possession of, and her coasts blockaded by the Entente; it needed but just this, to start in Greece, a national movement—a revolution—with the eminent statesman, Venizelos, a former premier, at its head; which, ignoring the king and his pro-Teutonic advisers, has proceeded since to form a popular union for national defense and to organize the military strength of the nation for war on the side of the dominant powers against the Bulgarian invader. It is believed that the king has demanded the return to Greece of the men transported to Germany, and he may yet agree with Venizelos and the popular side and formally declare war as desired.

(April 6, 1917)

The United States has at last, owing to the ruthlessness of the U-Boat Warfare on the part of Germany, definitely recognized and declared a state of war as existing between the German Empire and itself. Some few weeks before this, for the same reason, China handed the German Ambassador his passports. So now, at last, we can all fraternize against German Kultur, East, West, North and South. What and when will be the end of this conflagration? Prediction: Peace, and soon.

November 11, 1918, which will ever be known as Armistice Day, a day of universal joy, the Germans; their allies having laid down their arms;

agreed to do the same, and to accept the victors' terms, which will no doubt be very severe.

Alsace-Lorraine again becomes French, and there will be a heavy indemnity to pay by Germany; for the destruction of property, as well as of lives, has been unprecedented.

The Czar, the Emperor Francis Joseph, are both dead; while the German Kaiser, having abdicated, is in Holland, a fugitive; his former empire, a republic.

It was my country, the United States of America, which turned the scale against Germany. Our army, our navy, marine corps, and auxiliaries should be given full credit for the glorious finish.

Did I serve at all? Well, I was rejected by the army and marine corps, as being over the age; by the navy for eyesight; by the State guard for being under weight; and yet managed to serve with the Marine Division of the Home Defense League, in harbor defense work, and with the New York Scottish in British recruiting work; as well as in many other capacities, one of which involved the drilling of many men on the New York City College campus—men who were liable to the draft. During all this time I was also carried on the Judge-Advocate-General's-List at Washington, D. C., as a candidate for a commission.



